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HEIR AT LAW:

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL,
CROW-STREET, WITH UNIVERSAL
APPLAUSE.

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

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1798.

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Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Duberly

Stedfast

Henry Moreland

Dick Dowlass

Doctor Pangloss

Zekiel Homespun

Kenrick

Waiter

Servant

Mr. Eastmura.

Mr. Cooke.

Mr. Montague.

Mr. King.

Mr. Fullam.

Mr. Stewart.

Mr. Lee.

Mr. Murray.

Mr. Moreland.

Lady Duberly

Caroline

Cecily Homespun

Mrs. Hitchcock.

Mrs. Ledger.

Mrs. Berry.

1. *Thymus*

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THE
HEIR at LAW,

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Room in LORD DUBERLY'S House.*

LORD DUBERLY and LADY DUBERLY discovered
at Breakfast

LORD DUBERLY.

BUT, what does it matter, my Lady, whether I drink my tea out of a cup or a saucer?

Lady D. A great deal, in the polite circles, my Lord. We have been raised by a strange freak of fortune, from nothing, as a body may say; and---

Lord D. Nothing! As reputable a trade as any in all Gosport. You hold a merchant as cheap as if he trotted about with his property in a pack, like a pedlar.

Lady D. A merchant, indeed! Curious merchandize you dealt in, truly.

Lord D. A large assortment of articles:--Coals, cloth, herrings, linens, candles, eggs, sugar, treacle, tea, bacon, and brick dust; with many more, too tedious to mention in this here advertisement.

Lady D. Well, praise the bridge that carried you over; but, you must now drop the tradesman, and learn

learn life. Consider, by the strangest accident, you have been raised to—neither more nor less than a peer of the realm.

Lord D. Well; but I han't been a nobleman more nor a week; and my throat isn't noble enough yet to to be proof against scalding. Hand over the milk, my Lady?

Lady D. Hand over! oh, what's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh, my lord.

Lord D. Pshaw! there's a fuss indeed! when I was plain Daniel Dowlafs, of Gosport, I was reckoned as cute a dab in discourse as any in our town, nobody found fault with me; my thoughts were like a fat plough-man's chubby children. If folks found them fresh and strong enough, no matter how they were cloathed. But people, I take it, fancy a great Lord's thoughts, are like his rickety brats—plaguy weak, and damned ordinary; and want a deal of dressing up to make 'em pass.

Lady D. But why so loud?—I declare the servants will hear.

Lord D. Hear! and what will they hear but what they know? our story a secret, Lord help you!—tell 'em Queen Anne's dead, my Lady. Don't every body know that old Lord Duberly was supposed to die without any heir to his estate—as the Doctors say, of an implication of disorders; and, that his son, Henry Moreland, was lost, some time ago, in the salt sea.

Lady D. Well, there's no occasion to—

Lord D. Don't every body know that Lawyer Ferret, of Furnival's Inn, owed the Legatees a grudge—and pop'd a bit of an advertisement into the News? “Whereas, if the Heir at Law, if there be any reviving, of the late Baron Duberly, will apply—so, and so; he'll hear of som'ut greatly to his advantage.”

Lady D. But why, bawl it to the—

Lord D. Didn't he hunt me out, to secure my title? and lug me from the counter, to clap me into a coach? a house here, in Hanover-square, and an estate

estate in the country, worth fifteen thousand per annum?—Why, bless you, my Lady, every little black devil, with a foot-bag, cries it about the streets, as often as he says sweep.

Lady D. 'Tis a pity but my Lord had left you some manners, with his money.

Lord D. He, what my cousin twenty thousand times removed, he must have left them by word of mouth.—Never spoke to him but once, in all my born life, upon electioneering matter—that's a time when most of your proud folks make no bones of tripling with a tallow-chandler, in his back-room, on a melting day: but he!—except calling me cousin, and buying a lot of damaged huckaback, to cut into kitchen towels, he was as old and stiff as he is now, tho' he has been dead and buried these nine months, rot him!

Lady D. There, again, now!—Rot him!

Lord D. Why, blood and thunder! what is a man to say, when he wants to consecrate his old stiff-rumped relations?

Lady D. Why, an oath, now and then, may slip in to garnish genteel conversation: but then it should be done with an air to one's equals, and with a kind of careless condescension to menials.

Lord D. Should it?—well then—here John—

Enter Servant.

my good man, take away the tea and be damn'd to you?

John Yes, my lord.

(Exit Servant.)

Lady D. And now, my lord, I must leave you for the concerns of the day, we elegant people are as full of business as an egg's full of meat.

Lord D. Yes, we elegant people find the trade of the tone, as they call it, pleaguy fataguing—What, are you for the *wis-a-was* this morning? much good may do you, my lady,—damn it, it makes me sit stuck up like a bear in a bathing-tub.

Lady

Lady D. I have a hundred places to call at—Folks are so civil since we came up to take possession—there's dear Lady Littlefigure, Lord Sponge, Mrs. Heldbank, Lady Betty Pillory, the Hon. Mrs. Cheatwell, and—

Lord D. Aye, aye; you may always find plenty, in this here town, to be civil to 15,000l. a year, my Lady.

Lady D. Well, there's no learning you life. I'm sure they are as kind and friendly—the supper Lady Betty gave to us and a hundred friends, must have cost her fifty good pounds, if it cost a brass farden; and she does the same thing, I'm told, three times a week. If she isn't monstrous rich, I wonder, for my part, how she can afford it?

Lord D. Why, ecod, my lady, that would have puzzled me too, if they had'nt hook'd me into a damn'd game of cocking and punting, I think they call it, where I lost as much in half-an-hour, as would keep her and her company in fricassée's and whipt sullibub's for a fortnight. But I may be even with her some other a'ternoons. Only let me catch her at put,—that's all.

Enter JOHN.

John. Doctor Pangloss, is below, my Lord.

Lord D. Odds bobbs! my Lady, that's the man as larns me to talk English.

Lady D. Hush, confider.

Lord D. Hum! I forgot—curse me, my honest fellow, shew him up stairs d'ye hear?—[*exit John*]
There—was that easy?

Lady D. Tolerable.

Lord D. Well, now, get along my lady. The doctor and I must be snug?—

Lady D. Then, I bid you a good morning, my Lord, as Lady Betty says, I wish you a *bene repos.*

[*Exit.*
Lord

Lord D. *A bone repose!* I don't know how it is, but the women are more enter at these here matters, nor the men. My wife, as every body may see, is as genteel already, as if she'd been born a dutchess. This doctor Pangloss will do me, a great deal of good, in the way of fashioning my discourse, so here he is,—

Enter DOCTOR PANGLOSS.

Doctor, good morning—I wish you a *bone-repos!*—
Take a chair, Doctor?

Dr. Pan. Pardon me, my Lord; I am not inclined to be sedentary, I would with permission, "*erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*"—Ovid.—Hem!

Lord D. *Tollere vultures!* I suppose that means you rather stand?

Dr. Pan. Fye, this is a locomotive morning with me.—Just hurried, my Lord, from the Society of Atts; whence, I may say, "*I have borne my blushing honours thick upon me.*"—Shakespeare.—Hem!

Lord D. And what has put your honor to the blush, this morning, doctor?

Dr. Pan. To the blush?—A ludicrous perversion of the author's meaning—He, he, he!—Hem!—you shall hear, my Lord.—"*Lend me your ears.*"—Shakespeare, again.—Hem!—"Tis not unknown to your Lordship, and the no less literary world, that the Caledonian University of Aberdeen, long since conferred upon me the dignity of L. L. D.—and as I never beheld that erudite body, I may safely say, they dubb'd me with a degree, from sheer consideration of my celebrity.

Lord D. True.

Dr. Pan. For nothing, my Lord, but my own innate modesty, cou'd suppose the Scotch College to be swayed by one pound, fifteen shillings, and three pence, three farthings, paid on receiving my *diploma*; as a handsome compliment to the numerous and learned heads of that Seminary.

Lord

Lord D. Oh, damn it, no ; it was'nt for the matter of money.

Dr. Pan. I do not think it was altogether the "*auri sacra fames*." Virgil.—Hem !—But this very day, My Lord, at eleven o'clock, A. M. the Society of Arts, in consequence, as they were pleased to say, of my merits,—he, he, he!—have admitted me an unworthy member ; and I have, henceforward, the privilege of adding to my name the enviable title of A. double S.

Lord D. And I make no doubt, doctor, but you have rightly deserved it. I warrant a man don't get A. double S. tacked to his name for nothing ?

Dr. Pan. Decidedly not, my Lord.—Yes, I am now *Artium Societatis Socius*.—My two last publications did that business.—'*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*'—Horace.—Hem !

Lord D. And what might these two books be about, Doctor ?

Dr. Pan. The first, my Lord, was a plan to lull the restless to sleep by an infusion of opium into their ears :—the efficacy of this method originally struck me in St. Stephen's chapel, while listening to the oratory of a worthy country gentleman.

Lord D. I wonder it wasn't hit upon before, by the Doctors.

Dr. Pan. Physicians, my Lord, put their patients to sleep in another manner. He, he, he!—" *To die—to sleep—no more* "—Shakespeare.—Hem !—My second treatise was a proposal for erecting Dove-houses, on a principle, tending to create the propagation of pigeons. This, I may affirm, has received considerable countenance from many who move in the circles of fashion.—"*Nec gemere cessabit turtur*."—Virgil.—Hem !—I am about to publish a third edition by subscription. May I have the honour to pop your Lordship down among the pigeons ?

Lord D. Aye, aye ; down with me, Doctor.

Dr. Pan. My Lord, I am grateful. I ever insert names and titles at full length. What may be your Lordship's sponserial and patronymick appellations ?

Lord

Lord D. My what?

Dr. Pan. I mean, My Lord, the designations given to you, by your Lordship's godfathers and parents.

Lord D. Oh, what, my christian and surname? —I was baptised Daniel.

Dr. Pan. "*Abölens baptisimäte lābum.*"—I forgot, where—Hem! The Right Honourable Daniel—
(writing)

Lord D. Dowlas.

Dr. Pan. (Writing.) Dowlas—"Filthy Dow." —Hem!—Shakespeare.—The Right Honourable Daniel Dowlas, Baron Duberly.—And, now, my Lord, to our lesson for the day.

Lord D. Now for it, Doctor.

Dr. Pan. The procefs which we are now upon, is to eradicate that blemish in your Lordship's language which the learned denominate *cacology*, and which the vulgar call, slip-slop.

Lord D. I'm afraid, Doctor, my *Cakelology* will give you a tolerable tight job of it.

Dr. Pan. "*Nil desperandum.*" Virgil.—Hem! We'll begin in the old way, my Lord. Talk on;—when you stumble, I check. Where was your Lordship yesterday evening?

Lord D. At a *Confort*.

Dr. Pan. Unph! *Tête à tête* with Lady Duberly, I presume.

Lord D. No, *tête-à-tête*, with five hundred people, hearing music.

Dr. Pan. Oh, I conceive.—Your Lordship would say, a Concert.—Mark the distinction.—A Concert, my Lord, is an entertainment visited by fashionable lovers of harmony. Now a *Confort* is a Wife; little conducive to harmony, in the present day, and seldom visited by a Man of Fashion, unless she happens to be his friends or his neighbours.

Lord D. A devil of a difference, indeed! Between you and I, Doctor—now my Lady's out of hearing, a wife is the devil.

Dr. Pan.

Dr. Pan. He, he, he!—There are plenty of jobs in the world, my Lord.

Lord D. And a damned sight of Jezabels, too, Doctor. But patience, as you say—for I never give my Lady no bad language. Whenever she gets in her tantrums, and talks high, I always sit mum—chance.

Dr. Pan. “So spake our mother, Eve, and Adam heard.” Milton—Hem!—Silence is most secure, my Lord, in these cases; for if once your Lordship opened your mouth, ’tis twenty to one, but bad language would follow.

Lord D. Oh, that’s a sure thing; and I never like to disperse the woman.

Dr. Pan. Asperse.

Lord D. Humph! There’s another stumble!—After all, Doctor, I shall make but a poor progress in my *vermicular* tongue.

Dr. Pan. Your knowledge of our native, or *vernacular* language, my Lord, time and industry may meliorate. Vermicular is an epithet seldom applied to tongues, except in the case of puppies who want to be wormed.

Lord D. Ecod, then, I ant so much out, Doctor; I’ve met plenty of puppies, since I come to town—whose tongues are so very troublesome, that worming might chance to be of service.—But, Dr. I’ve a bit of a proposal to make to you, concerning of my own family.

Dr. Pan. Disclose, my Lord.

Lord D. Why, you must know, I expect my son, Dick, in town this here very morning. Now, Doctor, if you would mend his *cakelology*, mayhap it might be better worth than the mending of mine.

Dr. Pan. I smell a pupil. (*Aside.*) Whence, my Lord, does the young gentleman come?

Lord D. You shall hear all about it: You know, Doctor, tho’ I’m of a good family *distraction*—

Dr. Pan. Ex.——

Lord D. Tho’ I’m of a good family *extraction*—’twas but t’other day I kept a shop at Gosport.

Dr. Pan.

Dr. Pan. The rumour has reached me.—“*Fama volat, viresque.*”

Lord D. Don't put me out?

Dr. Pan. Virgil.—Hem!—Proceed.

Lord D. A tradesman, you know, must mind the main chance, so when Dick began to grow as big as a porpus, I got an old friend of mine, who lives in Derbyshire, close to the Devil's—hum! close to the peak, to take Dick 'prentice, at half price.—He's just now out of his time, and I warrant him, as wild and rough as a rock; now, if you doctor—if you would but take him in hand, and soften him a bit—

Dr. Pan. Pray, my Lord——“*To soften rocks!*” Congreve.—Hem!—Pray, my Lord, what profession may the Honourable Mr. Dowlas have followed?

Lord D. Who, Dick? He served his clerkship to an attorney, at Castleton.

Dr. Pan. An Attorney!—Gentlemen of his profession, my Lord, are very difficult to soften.

Lord D. Yes, but the pay may make it worth the while; I'm told that lord Spindle gives his eldest son's, master Drumstick's tutor, three hundred a year; and besides learning his pupil, he has to read my lord to sleep of an afternoon, and walk out with the lap-dogs and children. Now, if three hundred a year, doctor, will do the business for Dick, I shan't begrudge it you.

Dr. Pan. Three hundred a-year!—say no more, my Lord. L. L. D. A. double S. and three hundred a-year—I accept the office.—“*Verbam Sat.*” Horace.—Hem!—P'll run to my lodgings—settle with Mrs. Sudds—put my wardrobe into a—No, I've got it all on—and——(*going.*)

Lord D. Hold! hold! not so hasty, doctor, I must first send you for Dick, to the Blue-boar?

Dr. Pan. The Honourable Mr. Dowlas, my pupil, at the Blue-boar!

Lord D. Aye, in Holborn, as han't fond of telling people good new before hand, for fear they may be balk'd; Dick knows nothing of my being made a lord.—

C

*Dr. Pan.**Dr. Pan.*

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Lord D. You shall hear all about it: You know, Doctor, tho’ I’m of a good family *disfraktion*—

Dr. Pan. Ex. ———

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Lord D. Aye, in Holborn, as han't fond of telling people good new before hand, for fear they may be balk'd; Dick knows nothing of my being made a lord.—

Dr. Pan. Three hundred a year—I've often wish'd that I had clear, For life, fix—no three,—three hundred——

Lord D. I wrote him—just before I left Gosport, to tell him to meet me in London with——

Dr. Pan. Three hundred pounds a-year. Swift.—Hem!

Lord D. With all speed, upon business, d'ye mind me?

Dr. Pan. Doctor Pangloss with an income of—— No lap-dogs, my Lord?

Lord D. Nay, but listen, Doctor: and as I didn't know where old Ferrett was to make me live in London, I told Dick to be at the Blue-boar this morning, by the stage-coach—why you don't hear what you are talking about, Doctor?

Dr. Pan. Oh, perfectly, my Lord.—A Blue-boar in a Stage-coach—with the annuity of——

Lord D. Well, step into my room, Doctor, and I'll give you a letter which you shall carry to the Inn, and bring Dick away with you. I warrant the boy will be ready to jump out of his skin.

Dr. Pan. Skin! jump! zounds, I'm ready to jump out of mine. I follow your Lordship.—Oh, Doctor Pangloss, where's your philosophy now?—I attend you, my Lord.—“*æquum memento.*” Horace.—“*Servare mentum.*” Hem! Bless me, I'm all in a flutter!—L. L. D. A. double S. and three hundred a——I attend your Lordship.

[Exit with Lord Duberly.]

SCENE—*The Blue-boar Inn in Holborn.*

Enter ZEKIEL HOMESPUN, MISS CECILY HOMESPUN, and WAITER.

Waiter. This way, if you please, Sir.

Zekiel H. So, here we be at last, in London; a the——What be your sign, young man?

Waiter. The Blue-boar, Sir; the oldest Inn in Holborn.

Zekiel

Zekiel H. Oldest! why, as you do say, young man, it do seem in a tumble-downish kind of condition, indeed!

Waiter. I'll take care of your portmanteau, if you please? Dinner's on the table, Sir.

Zekiel H. (*Jirking it from him.*) No, but you don't rho'.—I ha' heard o' the tricks o' London, though I ne'er sat foot in it, afore. Matter Blue-board, you ha' gotten the wrong sow by the ear, I can tell you.

Miss Cecily H. La, brother, Zekiel! I dare say, the young man's honest.

Zekiel H. Haply he may be, Cicely! but the honest chaps of this town, as I be told, do need a deal of looking a'ter. Where can Dick Dowlas now be a loitering so long in the yard?

Waiter. The gentleman that came up in the coach with you, Sir?

Zekiel H. Yes, yes; the gentleman wi' all his cloaths in his hand, tied up in a little blue and white pocket-handkerchief.

Waiter. Shall I desire him to come up, Sir?

Zekiel H. Aye, be so kind, will you?

Waiter. I shall, Sir.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Zekiel H. I ha' nothing left but this portmanteau, and you, Cecily: If I was to lose either of you, what would become of poor Zekiel Homesfun?

Cecily H. Dear now! this was the cry all along upon the road. Don't be down-hearted. Brother, there be plenty of ways of getting bread in London.

Zekiel H. Oh, plenty, plenty;—but many of the ways, they do say, be so foul, and the bread be so dirty, t'would turn a nice stomach, to eat on't.

Cecily H. Well, I do declare, it seems a pure place! with a power of rich folks, for certain; for I saw No. 945, upon one of their coach-doors, as we came along; and no doubt on't there be more of them still. I do like it, Zekiel!

Zekiel H. Don't ye, now,—dонт ye, Cecily, pray don't ye be so merry! You scare me out of my senses.—Think what a charge I have of you, Cecily.—

Father and mother dead—no kin to help us—both thrown a top o'the wide world, to seek our fortunes, and only I to take care of ye. Indeed, indeed, I do love you, Cecily ! you would break your poor brother's heart, if any harm was to befall you. You would'nt do that, would ye, Cecily ?

Cecily H. I, Zekiel ! I would'nt hurt a hair of your head, if I was to be made a Lord Mayor's lady, for it. You have been a kind brother to me, Zekiel ; and if I have the luck to get a service first, I'd work my fingers to the bone to maintain you.

Zekiel H. Bufs me, Cicely—od rabbit it, girl, I be only chicken hearted on your account.

Cecily H. Well, but let us hope for the best, Zekiel. Poor father has followed mother to the cold grave, sure enough ; and the squire out of spite he owed him, has turned us out of Castleton farm, but—

Zekiel H. That were bad enough ;—tho' I could ha' stomach'd that—but damn him ! (*heaven forgive us*) he spoke ill o' father's memory. I'd as big a mind to lick 'squire, as ever I had in my life—and then as you say, to turn us adrift !

Cecily H. But we are young and strong, brother Zekiel, and able to get our living

Zekiel H. Why, that be true enough, Cicely ?

Cecily H. Why, then, come now, pluck up a spirit ?—be lightsome and jovial a bit, Zekiel—do now ?

Zekiel H. Well I—I'll do my best—dang it, if we had but a friend, now.—

Cecily H. Why, hav'nt we ?

Zekiel H. None that I know of ; baiting Dick Dowlafs, who be come up wi' us, in the Castleton coach

Cecily H. Well, brother, I sure he'd go thro' fire and water, to serve us. He has told me so, Zekiel, fifty good times, the side of old Dobbin's pond, by moonlight.

Zekiel H. Aye, I do know he ha' kep' you company, Cecily. I told him, when father died, that I was agreeable

agreeable to his having of you, provided matters got a little smoothish with you.

Cecily H. Did you? La, Zekiel!

Zekiel H. Dick, be an honest fellow.

Cecily H. That he is, indeed, brother! (*Eagerly.*)

Zekiel H. I ha' known him, now, seven good years, since first he came to Castleton; and we ha' been for all the world, like brothers. Dick be a little ranti-polish, but as generous a lad, as—

Enter DICK DOWLAS, singing to ZEKIEL.

Dick D. "Oh, London is a fine town (*singing without*) a very famous city—(take care of my bundle, d'ye hear)—[*Enter*—where all the streets are paved with gold, and all the maidens pretty."—Well, shan't we have a bit of something to eat?—just a a snack, Zekiel, Cis—here, you, Waiter—[*Enter Waiter*—]—What, Cis, my girl—get some cold beef, you—how do'st do, after the journey? Aye, cold beef—put down the bundle—mustard, vinegar, and all that, you know—Cis likes a relish—[*puts Dicks bundle on the table, and Exit.*—]—Aye, jump about, my tight fellow. Zounds! how the rumbling of the old coach keeps whirling in my head.

Zekiel H. I do think, Dick, your head be always a little upon the whirligig order.

Dick D. If I hadn't got out to take the reins in hands now and then, I should have been as muzzy as a Methodist parson. Didn't I knock the tits along, nicely, Cis?

Cecily H. Aye, indeed, Dick; except bumping us up against the turn-pike gates, we went as pure and pleasant—

Dick D. Pihaw! that was an accident. Well, old Domini hasn't called for me here, yet; can't think what the old boy wants with me in London—bad news I'm afraid.

Cecily H. No, don't you say so, Dick!

C 5

Zekiel

Zekiel H. Hap what will, Dick, I'll stand by ye. I be as poor as Job ; but I'd share with my friend in misfortune to the last penny.

Dick D. Tip us your daddle, *Zekiel*, you've as tender a heart as ever got into the tough carcase of a Casteton farmer—yes, the old boys last letter but one, told me that things were going on but badly, damn that chandler's shop, bacon, eggs, coals, and candles have laid him low—a bankruptcy I warrant, and come up to town to white-wash.

Zekiel H. And to consult wi' you, may hap, as you be in the lea—about the business.

Dick D. Gad then, it will be like consulting most peple in the law, he'll get nothing from me that's satisfactory, old Latitat had as little business as I had inclination in the practice.

Zekiel H. Well, but Dick, sure you can do summit in your calling—you can draw up a will, or a lease of a farm, now ?

Dick D. I can shoot a wild-duck with any lawyers clerk in the country, I can sling a bar---play at cricket---

Zekiel H. That you can : I used to notch for you, you know.

Dick D. I can make a bowl of punch—

Zekiel H. That you can : I used to drink it wi' you, you do know.

Dick D. I can make love—(To *Cis.*)

Cecily H. That you can, Dick !

Dick D. I can catch gudgeons—

Zekiel H. Aye; aye, that be part of your trade---Catching o' Gudgeons, be a Lawyer's chiefest employment, they do say.

Dick D. Well, now to business : here's a newspaper, that I picked up at the bar ; there's something in it, I think, that will suit *Cis*---Read it;

Zekiel H. (Reading Newspaper). " Wanted---a Maid"—

Dick D. That's a difficult thing to be met with in London—I take it.

Zekiel

Zekiel H. So far 'twill do for our Cecily.

Cecily H. Yes—I'd better make haste and get the place, for fear any thing should happen, you know.

Zekiel H. Let's read it out, Cecily—"Wanted, "a Maid-Servant—by a young Lady"—

Cecily H. Dear, a young Lady!

Zekiel H. "Who lives very retired at the West "end of the town—she must be clean in her person"—Cecily be very clean.

Dick D. As any lass in Derbyshire.

Zekiel H. "And good-natured."—Cecily be as good-natured a girl, as ever—Umph!—"And willing to do what is required."—

Cecily H. Well, I'm very willing, you know, Dick—*an't I?*

Dick D. That you are, Cis, kifs me. (*Kisses her.*)

Cecily H. La, Dick! This will just do!—I'm to pleased!—

Zekiel H. "If from the country, the better."—rabbit it, Cecily, this be the very thing!—tol, de rol, lol! "or if any farmer, in difficulties from a "numerous family, wishes to put his daughter to "a service"—oh, my poor old father! this is the thing! "she will meet with the tenderest care from "the lady, who has herself known what it is to be "unfortunate." Tol de rol, lol! buse me, Cecily! ---hug me, Dick Dowlafs! I shall provide for sister---the care next my very heart---Tol lol, de rol, lol! Rabbit it! I be ready to choak for joy!

Cecily H. Dear, now! This is the rarest luck!--Live with a young Lady! I shall be so great and grand—

Dick D. And grow rich with good fortune, and forget your poor friends, Cis.

Zekiel H. No, no, Cecily, be too good for that. --Forget a poor friend! when such giddy folks, chance to get a tumble, they may e'en thank themselves if nobody be ready to help 'em up.

Cecily H. Now, I would'nt have said such words to you Dick, you know, so you do, if I was to be made

made a queen it would be my pride, Dick, to share all my gold with brother and you.

Dick D. My dear Cis, well, I'm sorry, faith I am and if ever I or my family should come to fortune--- but, pshaw ! damn it, my father keeps a chandler's shop, without custom.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. The cloth's laid for you, in the other room, Gentlemen ; you can't dine here.

Dick D. Why so ?

Waiter. The Church-wardens come to eat a great dinner, once a month, for the good of the poor---this is their day.

Zekiel H. That's as they do down with us.---But I could never find out, why stuffing a churchwarden's guts, was for the good of the poor of the parish.

Dick D. Nor I neither, unless he got a surfeit that carried him off, come, Zekiel, you shall go presently after the place, but first let's refresh, what we eat, will be far the good of the poor, I'm certain.---Cis, your arm,--take my bundle you dog ? and don't drop anything out, for I've nothing to spare, come Cis.

(Exeunt.)

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Lady CAROLINE DORMER's House.

Enter CAROLINE.

I WISH Kenrick were come back. My last hope hangs upon the answer he will bring me.—World! world!—when affluence points the telescope, how closely does it attract thy venal inhabitants! how magnified are all thy smiles! Let poverty reverse the glass, far distant does it cast them from us, and the features of friendship are dwindled into nothing.—I hear him coming.

Enter KENRICK.

Well, Kenrick, you have carried the letter?—

Kenrick. Indeed I have, Miss Caroline.

Caroline. And what answer from my father's old friend, Kenrick?

Kenrick. Faith now your father's old friend, begging your pardon—answered like a big black-guard.

Caroline. Surely, Kenrick, he could not look surprised at my application?

Kenrick. Faith, he looked for all the world as if he had swallowed a bottle of vinegar. When I was his honour's (your poor deceased father's) butler, and helped this old friend to good bumpers of madeira, and be-hanged to him; he made clear another sort of a face of it.

Caroline. And has he sent no letter in answer?

Kenrick

Kenrick. Not a syllable at this present writing, it was all by verbal word of dirty mouth.

Caroline. Insulting !

Kenrick. Give my compliments to Miss Caroline Dormer,—says he,—and tell her I'm sorry for her misfortunes : bless you says I,—but I can't be of the smallest service to her : the devil run away with you, think I.

Caroline. Did he assign no reason ?

Kenrick. Och to be sure, an old skin flint, doesn't he always give you plenty of reasons for being hard-hearted — 'tis fitting he should Miss, because the case requires it, but, compassion is compassion ; and that's reason enough for shewing it, in conscience.

Caroline. But what said he, Kenrick ?

Kenrick. Her father, Mr. Dormer's, bankruptcy, said he—and a terrible deal of work, too, says I ; for, you know, Miss Caroline, my poor old master, rest his soul, was one of the biggest merchants in the city of London.

Caroline. True, Kenrick ; but died almost one of its poorest inhabitants.

Kenrick. That's what the old fellow said : her father has died so involved, says he, that no prudent man can concern himself for the daughter, or run the risque of meddling with his affairs—and so he ended with his respects, and a parcel of palaver to you—and an offer of half-a-crown to your humble servant, as an old acquaintance.

Caroline. And yet had my father's prudence been of his complexion, I doubt, Kenrick, whether this man would, now, have had half-a-crown to offer you.

Kenrick. Och, now, if I had but minded to tell him, that—but I made the half-crown tell it him, as plain as it could speak—for I threw it upon the old miser's table, with a great big whack ; and by my soul, he never jumped so high at two and six-pence, before, in all his beggarly born days.

Caroline.

Caroline. Then there is no hope from that quarter, Kenrick?

Kenrick. No more hope than there is in a dead coach horse.

Caroline. I would wish to be alone, Kenrick: pray leave me.

Kenrick. Leave you! and in grief, Miss Caroline!

Caroline. I wouldn't have you, my good old man, a witness to my affliction.

Kenrick. What, and wasn't my poor, dear departed wife Judith, your own nurse—wet and dry, for many a good year; and isn't myself Felix Kenrick, your own foster father, that have dandled you in these old arms, when you were the size of a dumpling; and will I leave you to take on, after this fashion?—alone by yourself. *(half crying.)*

Caroline. Pray, pray, be silent, Kenrick! Oh, nature! spite of the inequalities which birth, or education have placed between thy children—still nature with all thy softness, I own thee! The tear of an old and faithful servant, which bedews the ruins of his shelter, is an honest drop that penetrates the heart.

Kenrick. Aye, cry away my poor dear Miss Caroline, cry away, I shar'd the sunshine of your family, and it is but right that I should go halves in the ruin.

Caroline. A poor two hundred pounds, Kenrick, are now all that remain to me.

Kenrick. Well, come, two hundred pounds, now a days, are not to be sneezed at, consider how consoling it is, my dear Miss, to think that with good management, it may be a matter of two years before you are left without a penny in the whole wide world,—and that's four and twenty calender months, you know.—

Caroline. Had this hollow friend of my father's exerted himself, in the wreck of our house's fortune, he might probably, have averted the penury which threatens me.

Kenrick

Kenrick. Och, if I could but beat humanity into his heart, through his carcase, I'd make him as tender as a sucking pig.

Caroline. Lord Duberly's death, too, in the moment of my difficulties!—In him I might still have found a protector.

Kenrick. Aye ; and his brave son, too, the Hon. Henry Moreland, that was to have married you.—Well, be of good heart, now—for he's dead!—the poor drowned youth!

Caroline. Dost, Kenrick, I beseech you!

Kenrick. Aye, well, now you are unhappy ; but you see, I'm after making you happy : Just as the two families had pop'd down, the man of your heart for your husband, faith pop'd himself into the decent watery grave !—I am left the only tender friend you have to remind you of it——

Caroline. Remind me no more, Kenrick, your intention is good ; but this is torment to me, instead of——

[*Zekiel speaks without.*] Above stairs? oh, very well, Ma'am—thank you, Ma'am.

Caroline. Hark! I hear—I hear somebody enquiring for me, on the stairs.

Kenrick. Now, what's the worst of these lodgings, faith people come into your house, before you have opened the door.

A knock at the Door.

Caroline. Come in?

Enter ZEKIEL and CECILY.

Have you any business with me friend?

Zekiel H. Why, yes, madam,—it be a smallish bit of business, as a body, may say.

Caroline. Well, young man?

Zekiel H. Why, yes, ma'am, I become to—pray, if I may make so bold, is'nt your name, A, B?

Caroline. Oh, I understand you come in consequence of an advertisement.—I believe you may leave us,
Kenrick,

Kenrick, (*exit Kenrick*) it was I who advertised for a servant.

Zekiel H. And with permission, Madam, I be come to offer for the place.

Caroline. You, honest friend, as a Maid Servant!

Zekiel H. Yes—for Cecily—Curtsey, Cecily.

Cecily H. I do, brother, Zekiel.

Zekiel H. This be my sister, Ma'am—We be newly come from Derbyshire:—and lighting at the Blue-boar—the great Inn, in—Holborn—that—but, perhaps, you may frequent it, Madam?

Caroline. Well, friend?

Zekiel H. Why we stumbled upon your notice in the news, Madam—and so—and so here we be, Madam.

Caroline. Have you ever been in service, before child?

Cecily H. No, never, if you please, Madam.—I was always with father, and minded the dairy.

Caroline. And why did you quit your father, pray?

Cecily H. He died, if you please, Madam. It was a sad day for brother and I. 'Tis a cruel thing to lose a good father, Madam.

Caroline. It is, indeed, child. I can well feel it.

Cecily H. And when he dies in distress, too, Madam.

Caroline. Did your father die so, child?

Zekiel H. All along o' that damned Squire.—Mother ware gone long ago:—and when children be left destitute, it be hard to find a friend to compassionate 'em.

Caroline. I—I will be that friend.—My power is little—almost nothing; but as far as it can go, you shall find a protection.

Cecily H. Oh, the gracious!—what a pure lady!

Caroline. But can you refer me to any one for a character?

Zekiel H. I ha' gotten a character in my pocket, Ma'am. They tell me that be the way they do take

most characters in London.—Here be a certificate from Parson Brock, of our Parish. (*Giving it.*)

Caroline. See, what can you do to be useful, Cecily?

Cecily H. Oh, a power of things;—I can churn and feed the ducks, milk cows, and fatten a pig, madam.

Zekiel H. Yes, yes, you will find sister Cecily handy, I warrant her.

Caroline. All these will be of little service in London.

Zekiel H. Od rabbir it! madam, she will soon learn here, to put her hand to any thing—Won't you, Cecily?

Cecily H. If I don't, it shan't be for want of inclination.—So please you, my lady!

Caroline. Well, child, come in the evening, and you shall begin your service. We shall not disagree about wages; and you will be treated more like an humble friend, than a servant. Kenrick!—I shall have only yourself and a poor faithful Irishman.

Zekiel H. An Irishman! dang it, these Irishmen, as I've been told, be devils among the girls, my mind do misgive me; for Cecily be young and thoughtless.

Enter KENRICK.

Caroline. Shew these good people down Kenrick?

Kenrick. I shall do that thing, Miss Caroline.

Zekiel H. Oh, then this be the Irishman. He be a plaguy old one, indeed! come, there be nothing to fear about he. A good day to you, Madam.—
Curtsey, Cecily.

Kenrick. Come, you two go first; for I must be after shewing you the way, you know. [*Exit.*]

Caroline. This simple girl's story approaches so near to my own, that it touches me. Poor innocence! mine is a sorry shelter in your wanderings; yet it may be warmer than one more splendid. For---opulence

tence relieves sometimes with coldness, sometimes with ostentation, sometimes with levity: but sympathy kindles the brightest spark that shines on the altar of compassion; and tenderness pours on it the sweetest balm that charity produces, when the afflicted administer to the afflicted. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*An Inn.*

Enter DOCTOR PANGLOSS and WAITER.

Dr. Pan. Let the chariot turn about—Doctor Pangloss in a Lord's chariot!—"Curru por-tatur eodem." Juvenal.---Hem!---Waiter!

Waiter. Sir.

Dr. Pan. Have you any gentleman here, who arrived this morning in the Stage?

Waiter. There's one in the house, now, Sir.

Dr. Pan. Is he juvenile?

Waiter. No, Sir; he's Derbyshire.

Dr. Pan. He, he, he!--Of what appearance is the gentleman?

Waiter. Why plaguy poor, Sir.

Dr. Pan. "I hold him rich, had he not a shirt." Chaucer.---Hem! Denominated the Honourable Mr. Dowlas?

Waiter. Honourable!—he left his name plain Dowlas, at the bar, Sir.

Dr. Pan. Plain Dowlas, did he? That will do: "for all the rest is leather"—

Waiter. Leather, Sir!

Dr. Pan. "And Prunello." Pope.---Hem!--Tell Mr. Dowlas a gentleman requests the honour of an interview.

(Exit Waiter.)

Dr. Pan. Never before did honour and affluence, let fall such a shower on the head of Doctor Pangloss!—Fortune, I thank thee!—Propitious Goddess, I am grateful!—I, thy ill-favoured child—who commenced his career in the loftiest apartment of a muffin-maker,

maker, in Milk-alley—"little did I think, good easy man"—Shakespeare—of the riches and literary dignities which now—(*Enter Dick*)—my pupil!

Dick D. Well, where is the man that wants—eh, you are he, I suppose—

Dr. Pan. I am the man, young gentleman—*"Homo Sum."* Terence---Hem!---Sir, the person who now presumes to address you, is Peter Pangloss, to whose name in the College of Aberdeen, is subjoined L. L. D. signifying Doctor of Laws; to which has been recently added, the distinction of A. double S.—the Roman initials for Fellow of the Society of Arts.

Dick D. Sir, I am your most obedient, Richard Dowlas; to whose name, in his Taylor's bill, is subjoined, D. R. signifying Debtor, to which are added L. S. D. the Roman initials for Pounds, Shillings, and Pence.

Dr. Pan. Ha! this youth was doubtless designed by destiny to move in the circles of fashion; for he's dipt in debt, and makes a merit of telling it.

Dick D. But what are your commands with me, Doctor?

Dr. Pan. I have the honor, young gentleman, of being deputed as Ambassador to you, from your father.

Dick D. Then you have the honour to be Ambassador of as good-natured an old fellow, as ever sold a halfpenny-worth of cheese in a chandler's shop.

Dr. Pan. Pardon me, if on the subject of your father's cheese, I advise you to be as mute as a mouse in one, for the future. 'Twere better to keep that *"alta menta repostum."* Virgil.—Hem!

Dick D. Why, what's the matter?—any misfortune?—broke, I fear?

Dr. Pan. No; not broke; but his name, as 'tis customary in these cases, has appeared in the Gazette.

Dick D. Not broke, but Gazetted---why Zounds! and the Devil!

Dr. Pan.

Dr. Pan. Check your passions---learn philosophy ; when the wife of the great Socrates threw a---hum ! ---threw a tea-pot at his erudite head, he was as cool as a cucumber.---When Plato---

Dick D. Damn Plato ! ---what of my father ?

Dr. Pan. Don't damn Plato---the bees swarmed round his mellifluous mouth, as soon as he was swaddled. "*Cum in cupis apes in labellis confedissent.*" Cicero.---Hem !

Dick D. I wish you had a swarm round your's, with all my heart---come to the point.

Dr. Pan. In due time. But calm your choler.--- "*Ira furor brevis est.*" Horace.---Hem !---[*Gives a letter.*]

Dick D. [*Snatches it and breaks it open*]---" Dear " Dick, this comes to inform you, I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are the same"---Aye, that's the old beginning.---" it was my lot, last week, " to be made " a bankrupt, I suppose---to be made a ---what?---to be made " a PEAR " !---a pear---to be made a pear !---what the devil does he mean by that ?---

Dr. Pan. A Peer---a Peer of the realm.---His Lordship's orthography is a little loose, but several of his equals countenance the custom. Lord Loggerhead always spells Physician with an F.

Dick D. [*Reads, on*] " A Peer ! " ---what, my father ? I am electrified---old Daniel Dowlas made a Peer of the Realm ? ---" Lawyer Ferroll got me my " title " ---title---Oh, title ; ---" and an estate of Fifteen Thousand per annum ; whereby making me " out next a-kin to old Lord Duberly, because he " died without heir. " ---" 'Tis an odd reason, by the bye, to be next a-kin to a nobleman because he died bald !

Dr. Pan. His Lordship means heir. We shall meliorate his style speedily. "*Reform it altogether.*" Shakespeare.---Hem !

Dick D. " I send my carrot. " Carrot !

Dr. Pan. He, he, he! Chariot, his Lordship means

Dick D. "With Doctor Pangloss in it."

Dr. Pan. That's me.

Dick D. "Respect him; for he's an L. L. D. and moreover an A. double S." [Both bows.

Dr. Pan. His Lordship kindly condescended to insert that, at my request.

Dick D. "And I have made him your tutorer, to mend your cakelology."

Dr. Pan. Cacology:---from *Kakos malus* and *Logos verbum*.---wide Lexicon.---Hem!

"*Dick D.* "Come with the Doctor to my house, in Hanover-square."---Hanover-square!---" I remain your affectionate father to command,
" DUBERLY."

Dr. Pan. That's his Lordship's title.

Dick D. It is!

Dr. Pan. It is.

Dick D. Say Sir, to a Lord's son: You have no more manners than a Bear.

Dr. Pan. Bear! under favour, young gentleman, I am the bear-leader; being appointed your Tutor.

Dick D. And what can you teach me?

Dr. Pan. Prudence---don't forget yourself in sudden success. "*Tecum habita*." Perfais.---Hem!

Dick D. Prudence to a Nobleman's son, with fifteen thousand a year.

Dr. Pan. Don't give way to your passions.

Dick D. Give way---Zounds! I'm wild---mad---you teach me---pooh-- I've been in London before, and know it requires no teaching to be a modern fine gentleman---why it all lies in a nutshell:---Sport a curriple---walk Bond-street---play at Faro---get drunk---dance reels---go to the Opera---cut off your tail---pull on your pantaloons---and there's a Buck of the first fashion in town for you---Damme! dye think I don't know what's going?

Dr. Pan. Mercy on me! I shall have a very refractory pupil!

Dick D.

Dick D. Not at all; we'll be hand and glove together. My little Doctor, I'll drive you down to all the races, with my terrier between your legs, in a tandem.

Dr. Pan. Doctor Pangloss, the philosopher, with a terrier between his legs in a tandem.

Dick D. I'll tell you what, Doctor---I'll make you my long stop, at cricket---you shall draw corks, when I'm President---laugh at my joke before company---squeeze lemons for punch---cast up the reckoning---and woe betide you, if you don't keep sober enough to see me safe home after a jollification!

Dr. Pan. Make me a long stop, and a squeezer of lemons!--Zounds! this is more fatiguing than walking out with the lap-dogs! and are these the qualifications for a Tutor, young gentleman?

Dick D. To be sure, they are. It's the way that half the prig parsons, who educate us Honourables, jump into fat livings.

Dr. Pan. 'Tis well they jump into something fat, at last, for they must wear all the flesh off their bones in the process.

Dick D. Come, now, tutor, go you, and call the waiter?

Dr. Pan. Go, and call!--Sir, Sir!--I'd have you to understand, Mr. Dowlas---

Dick D. Aye, let us understand one another, doctor, my father, I take it, comes down handsomely to you, for your management of me?

Dr. Pan. My Lord has been liberal.

Dick D. But, 'tis I must manage you, doctor. acknowledge this, and between ourselves, I'll find means to double your pay.---

Dr. Pan. Double my---

Dick D. Do you hesitate---why, man, you have set up for a modern tutor, without knowing your trade?

Dr. Pan. Double my pay!--say no more---Done.
---" *Adum est.*" Terence.---'Gad I've reached the right reading at last---

" I've

"I've often wish'd that I had clear
 "For life, *six* hundred pounds a year."---Swift.
 ---Hem!---Waiter!

Enter WAITER.

Dick D. That's right, tell him to pop my cloaths and linen into the carriage, they are in that bundle?

Dr. Pan. Here, put all the Honourable Mr. Dowlas's cloaths and linen into his father's, Lord Duberly's, chariot.

Waiter All,—where are they, Sir?

Dr. Pan. All wrapt up in the Honourable Mr. owlas's pocket-handkerchief.

Dick D. See them safe in, doctor, and I'll be with you presently?

Dr. Pan. I go, most worthy pupil. Six hundred pounds a year! However deficient in the classics, his knowledge of arithmetick is admirable!--I've often wish'd that I had clear, for life——

Dick D. Nay, nay, don't be so slow?

Dr. Pan. Swift!--Hem!--I'm gone. *[Exit.]*

Dick D. What am I to do with Zekiel and Cis?---When a poor man is grown great, his old acquaintance generally begins to be troublesome.

Enter ZEKIEL.

Zekiel H. Well, I ha'n't been long.

Dick D. No, you are come time enough in all conscience.

Zekiel H. Cecily ha' gotten the place. I be almost stark wild with joy. Such a good-natured young Madam!--why you don't seem pleased, man, sure, and sure you be glad of our good fortune, Dick.

Dick D. Why, what do you? Oh, but he don't know yet, that I'm a Lord's son. I rejoice to hear of your success, friend Zekiel.

Zekiel H. Why now, that's hearty----But eh?---Why you look mortal heavy and lumpish, Dick; no bad tidings since we ha' been out, I hope?

Dick D.

Dick D. Oh, no!

Zekiel H. Eh?---Let's ha' a squint at you. Od rabbit, but something ha' happened. You ha' seen your father, and things ha' gone crossish---Who have been here, Dick?

Dick D. Only a gentleman, who had the honour of being reputed Ambassador from my father.

Zekiel H. What a dickens, an Ambassador!---Pish, now you be a queering a body. An Ambassador sent from an old Chandler to Dick Dowlas, lawyer Latirat's clerk!---come, that be a good one, fegs!

Dick D. Dick Dowlas! and Lawyer's Clerk!---Sir, the gentleman came to inform me, that my father by being proved next of kin to the late Lord ---, is now Lord Duberly; by which means I'm the Hon. Mr. Dowlas.

Zekiel H. Odds flesh. gi' us your fist, Dick!---I ne'er shook the fist of an honourable afore, in all my born days. Old Daniel made a lord! I be main glad to hear it,—this be news indeed! but Dick, I hope he ha' gotten some ready along wi' his title.—For a lord without money be but a foolish, wishy washy kind of a thing a'ter all.

Dick D. My father's estate is 15,000*l.* a year.

Zekiel H. Mercy on us! you ha' ta'en away my breath!

Dick D. Well, Zekiel, Cis and you shall hear from me soon.

Zekiel H. Why you be'nt a going, Dick?

Dick D. I must pay my duty to his Lordship---his chariot waits for me, below. We have been sometime acquainted, Zekiel, and you may depend on my good offices.

Zekiel H. You do seem a little frustrated wi' these tidings, Dick.---I---should be loth to think our kindness was a cooling.

Dick D. Oh, no! rely upon my protection.

Zekiel H. Why, look ye, Dick Dowlas; as to protection, and all that, we ha' been old friends, and if I should need it from you, it be no more nor my

my right to expect it, and your business to give it me. But Cecily ha' gotten a place, and I ha' hands and health to get a livelihood. Fortune, good, or bad, tries the man, they say—and if I should hap to be made a Lord to-morrow (as who can say what may betide, since they ha' made one of an old Chandler)——

Dick D. Well sir, and what then?

Zekiel H. Why then, the finest feather in my lordship's cap, wou'd be to shew there be as much shame in slighting an old friend, because he be poor, as there be pleasure in owning him, when it be out of our power to do him a service.

Dick D. You mistake me, Zekiel—I—I—'sdeath—I'm quite confounded. I'm trying to be as fashionable as my neighbours; but nature comes in, and knocks it all in the head. *Zekiel*, give me your hand.

Zekiel H. Then there be a hearty Castleton slap for you. The grasp of an honest man can't disgrace the hand of a Duke, Dick.

Dick D. You're a kind soul. Zekiel, I regard you sincerely---I love Cecily, and---damn it, I'm going too far now, for a Lord's son. Pride and old friendship are fighting in me, 'till I'm almost bewildered---you shall hear from me, in a few hours. Good bye, Zekiel; good bye. *[Exit.]*

Zekiel H. I don't know what ails me, but I be almost ready to cry.—Dick be a high-mettled youth, and this news ha' put him a little beside himself. I should make a bit of allowance. His heart, I do think, be in the right road, and when that be the case, he be a hard judge, that won't pardon an old friend's spirits, when they do carry him a little way out on't. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in an Inn.**Enter STEDFAST, MORELAND and WAITER.*

WAITER.

THIS way, gentlemen, if you please, this is our best apartment,—our hotel provides dinners.

Stedfast. No chattering?—We have business—Welcome, at last, Mr. Moreland, to London. After wandering over foreign lands, with what joy an Englishman sets his foot on British ground! His heart swells with pleasure as he drives through his fat native soil, which ruddy labour has cultivated; till he reaches this grand reservoir of opulence, an opulence which may well make him proud, for its honourable source is his countrymen's industry.

More. To you, Stedfast; who have no private fears, no anxieties for your family, the satisfaction must be exquisite.

Stedfast. Why, I'm an old batchelor, 'tis true—and without relations; but the whole country is my family—I could not help thinking, as we posted to town, that every jolly peasant, and every cherry cheek'd lass, was a kind of humble brother and sister to me; and they called forth my affections accordingly. Rich or poor, great or small, we all form one chain. Henry: May the larger and lesser links hold kindly together, 'till time slides into eternity.

More. A truce to these reflections now, my dear Stedfast.—they do your heart honour, but mine is fill'd with a thousand apprehensions—my father!—my Caroline!—

Stedfast.

Stedfast. A father and a mistress! duty and love, that's a slow fire, and a fierce blaze; and doubt blowing the bellows upon 'em. 'Tis enough to scorch a young soul to a cinder.

More. 'Tis strange I never heard from either of them. After escaping the perils of shipwreck! After the sufferings that followed—a father, a mistress, soon to be made a wife, might surely have sent one line to testify their pleasure at my preservation.

Stedfast. Aye, now make yourself miserable, a young mind is too soon sanguine, and therefore too soon depressed.

More. Why what can be the reason they have never answered my letters?

Stedfast. Um! there is one reason, indeed, that—

More. You alarm me!--What can that be?

Stedfast. That they have never received them.

More. Impossible!

Stedfast. Nothing more likely; consider, your last letter from Québec, told your father, Lord Duberly, that you had avenged all the business which had call'd you there, and that in three days you should embark for England.

More. Well, that he never answered.

Stedfast. I can't tell—probably not. Most people think it somewhat superfluous to write to a correspondent at Québec, after he has left the place.

More. Pshaw! I'm bewildered.—But since—

Stedfast. Why since, the chances have been against you.—Wreck'd on our passage—thrown upon the uninhabited part of the island of Cape Breton—

More. I shall never think of it without horror, nor without gratitude, *Stedfast.* To your friendly care, strangers as we then were to each other, in that frozen shore of desolation, I owe my life.

Stedfast. Pshaw!—nonsense—We both met as fellow-passengers, and were fellow-sufferers; I happened to be the toughest, that's all—I do as we would be done by, is merely a part of our duty!—

But,

But, there's so much fuss about it, now, that, I'm afraid the duty is too often neglected.—I suppose we shall soon thank our shoe-black for brushing our boots, though we reward him for the business.

More. Yet humanity, Stedfast——

Stedfast. Is every man's business, and the reward he will ultimately receive for it as far above human calculation. But come, thank providence, and not me.—To survive at the end of two months, when most of the small parcel of our comrades were dead, or dying about us, with cold and hunger, is no common escape.

More. And then in a desperate hope to launch our shattered boat in quest of an inhabited country, and to be tossed about for two months more, 'till benumbed and perishing, we were discovered by the natives and friendly Indians.——All this, Stedfast, was indeed a stout trial.

Stedfast. Then away with trifling fears, now, since our deliverance, we have changed our ground, daily, on our return to England, the time---the distance---your letters---theirs---all may have miscarried.

More. May it prove so. But let me hasten to my father's and clear my doubts.

Stedfast. Stay, stay, stay. You know 'twas at my request your drove to this hotel; now pray, at my request let me wait on Lord Duberly, to prepare him for your appearance.

More. For what purpose?

Stedfast. A very evident one. The wreck of our ship, has doubtless, long been public in London. And as the crew and passengers are probably all supposed to have perished, your abrupt entrance at your fathers, might be too much for him.

More. You are perfectly right. In the moment when our passions are afloat, how beneficial is the cool advice of a friend to direct us. But shouldn't I give you a line of introduction to my father?

E

Stedfast.

Stedfast. Umph ! why according to usual forms, indeed---but I was never good at forms ; and, in this case, it may be better to let me introduce myself in my own way. I hope Lord Duberly is no stickler for ceremonies.

More. He has the manliest virtue and the warmest heart in the world, my friend, but I confess to those who are unacquainted with them, these qualities are a little concealed by a coldness in his manner that---

Stedfast. Oh, I understand.---A little stately or so.---

More. Only a little of the *veille cœur* about him. A long habit too, of haranguing in Parliament, gives a man a kind of dignity of deportment, and an elevation of style not to be met with every day you know. But Gentleman is written legibly upon his brow ; erudition shines thro' every polished period of his language ; and he is the best of men, and of fathers, believe me.

Stedfast. Aye, aye. I see---I see---Grand and stiff, but of sterling value, like an old fashion'd silver candlesticks.---Well I'll soon bring you an account of my embassy.

More. And while you are at my father's, I'll walk to Mrs. Dormer's ; my suspense about Caroline is intolerable. I must see the good old gentleman, and he will break my arrival to his daughter.

Stedfast. Meet me, then, here, in a couple of hours.

More. Be it so, a thousand thanks my dear Stedfast

Stedfast. A thousand fiddlesticks ! I hate to be thank'd a thousand times for a trifle.---I know 'tis the language of the day ; but modern complimentary cant is the coinage of dishonesty, for the profession exceeds the feeling ;---and nine men in ten who give it under their hands, that they are your devoted humble servants, pledge themselves to you for much more than they ever mean to perform.

Exeunt.
SCENE

SCENE II.—*Lord DUBERLY's House.*

Lady DUBERLY discovered with DOCTOR PANGLOSS.

Lady D. And how does my Lord come on in his learning, Doctor?

Dr. Pan. Apt---very apt, indeed, for his age.---Defective in nothing, now, but words, phrases and grammar.

Lady D. I wish you could learn him to follow my example, and be a little genteel:—but there's no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear, they say.

Dr. Pan. Time may do much. But, as to my Lord, every body hasn't your Ladyship's exquisite elegance.---“Upon my soul a lie,” Shakespeare.---Hem!

Lady D. A mighty pretty spoken man!—and you are made tutorer, I'm told, Doctor, to my Dicky?

Dr. Pan. That honour has accrued to your obsequious servant, Peter Pangloss: I have now the felicity of superintending your Ladyship's Dicky.

Lady D. I mustn't have my son thwarted, Doctor—for when he has his way in every thing, he's the sweetest tempered youth in Christendom.

Dr. Pan. An extraordinary instance of mildness!

Lady D. Oh, as mild as mother's milk, I assure you.—And what is he to learn, doctor?

Dr. Pan. Our readings will be various ---Logic, Ethics, and Mathematics; History, Foreign and Domestic; Geography, Ancient and Modern; Voyages and Travels, Antiquities, British and Foreign, Natural History, Natural and moral philosophy, Classics, Arts, and Sciences, Belles Lettres, and Miscellanies.

Lady D. Bless me! 'tis enough to batter the poor boy's brains to a mummy.

Dr. Pan. “*A little learning*”——

Lady D. Little!—a load!

Dr. Pan. “*Is a dangerous thing.*” Pope.---Hem!

Lady D. And you have left out the main article.

Dr. Pan. What may your Ladyship mean?

Lady D. Mean!—Why dancing to be sure.

Dr. Pan. Doctor Pangloss, the philosopher, teach to dance!

Lady D. Between whiles you might give Dick a lesson or two in the hall—as my lord's valet plays on the kit, it will be quite handy to have you both in the house, you know.

Dr. Pan. This is a damned barbarous old woman! With submission to your Ladyship, my business is with the head, not the heels, of my pupil.

Lady D. Fiddle faddle! Lady Betty tells me, that the heads of young men of fashion, now a days, are by no means overloaded. They are all left to the Barber and Dentist.

Dr. Pan. 'Twould be daring to dispute so self-evident an axiom—But if your Ladyship—

Lady D. Look ye doctor,—he must learn to dance and jabber French, and I woud'nt give a brass farden for any thing else—I know what's elegance, and you'll find the gray mare the better horse, in this house, I promise you.

Dr. Pan. Her Ladyship, I perceive, is paramount.
—“*Pux femmina facti.*” Virgil.—Hem!

Lady D. What's your pay here, Mr. tutorer?

Dr. Pan. Three hundred per annum---that is---no, three---no---aye, no matter---the rest's between me and Mr Dowlas. (*Aside.*)

Lady D. Do as I direct you, in private, and, to prevent words, I'll double it.

Dr. Pan. Double it! What, again!--nine hundred per ann! I'll take it!--“*Your hand, a Covenant.*” Shakespeare.—Hem! Zounds! I've got beyond the reading at last!--“I've often wish'd that I had clear for life”—I hear my Lord—“Nine hundred pounds a year!” Swift---Hem!

Enter

Enter LORD DUBERLY and DICK DOWLAS.

Lord D. Come along, Dick, here he is again my lady, Twist, the Taylor, happened to come in promiscuously, as I may say, and—

Dr. an. Accidentally, my Lord, would be better.

Lord D. Aye, accidentally—with a suit of my Lord Docktail's under his arm—and as we were in a bit of a rumpus, to rig out Dick, why—

Dr. an. Dress,---not rig---unless metaphorically.

Lord D. Well,—dress out,—why we—humph! *Dr.* don't bother. In short we popt Dick into them,—and Twist says they hit to a hair.

Dick D. Yes, they are quite the dandy; aren't they, mother?—This is all the go, now, they say—cut straight—that's the thing—square waist—wrap over the knee, and all that—flouch is the word now!

Lady D. Exceedingly genteel, I declare! Turn about, Dick; they don't pinch you, do they?

Dick D. Oh, no! just as if I had been measured.

Lord D. Pinch! lord love you, my lady, they set like a sack.—But why don't you stand up? the boy rolls about like a porpus in a storm.

Lady D. The very air and grace of our young nob liev!

Dick D. That's the fashion, father—that's modern ease—young Oats, the beau brewer, from the boro', brought it down, last Christmas, to Castleron. A young fellow is nothing now without the Bond-street roll, a tooth-pick between his teeth, and his knuckles crammed into his coat pockets—then away you go, lounging lazily along—Oh, Tom—What, Will! Rollin' away, you see—How are you, Jack?—What, my little Dolly!—That's the way—Isn't it, mother?

Lord D. Is it? Grace must have got plaguy limber, then, and lopt of late.—There's the last lord Duberly's father done in our dining room, with a wig as wide as a wash-tub, and stuck up as stiff as a poker. He was one of your tip-tops, too, in his time, they

tell me ;—he carried a gold stick before George the first

Lady D. Yes ; and looks for all the world as straight as if he had swallowed it.

Lord D. No matter for that, my lady ;—what signifies dignity without it's *crakerisick*—a man should know how to bemean himself, when he is as rich as Pluto.

Dr. Pan. Plutus, if you please, my Lord.—
---Pluto, no doubt, has disciples and followers of fashion ; “ *But Plutus is the ruler of riches.* ” Hesiod.
---Hem !

Lord D. There, Dick, d'ye hear how the tutorer talks ? oh rabbit it ! he can ladle you out of latin by the quart ;—and grunts greek like a pig. I've gin him three hundred a year, and settled all he's to learn you.—Han't I, doctor ?

Dr. Pan. Certainly, my lord, “ *thrice to thine ?* ”

Dick D. Yes ; we know all about that—don't we, Doctor ?

Dr. Pan. Decidedly, “ *and thrice to thine ?* ”

Lady D. Aye, aye, clearly understood— isn't it, Doctor ?

Dr. Pan. Undoubtedly, “ *and thrice again to make up nine ?* ” Sheakspeare---Hem !

Enter JOHN.

John. My Lord, there's a Mr. Stedfast below, wants to speak to you about particular business.

Lord D. Muster Stedfast ! never heard of the name, curse me, my lad ;—tell him I'll be with him the twinkling of a bed-post.

John. Yes, my Lord.

[Exit John.]

Lady D. I shall go with your Lordship through the gallery, for I must dress to attend Lady Betty.

Lord D. Come, along, then my lady.—Dick go with the tutorer—he'll give you a lesson in my library—plenty of learning there ! I promise you. I was looking at it all of a row, this here very morning

ing.—There's all Horace's Operas, doctor, and such a sight of French Books ! but I see by the books they are all written by Tom.—Come along my Lady?

[Exit with Lady Duberly.]

Dr. Pan. On what subject, Mr. Dowlas, shall we commence on researches, this evening?

Dick D. I, mean to light up the billiard-room—we'll knock about the balls a little.

Dr. Pan. Knock about the balls !---an admirable entrance upon a course of studies!--

Dick D. Do you know any thing of the game?

Dr. Pan. I know how to pocket, young gentleman.

Dick D. So do most tutors, Doctor.

Dr. Pan. If I could but persuade you to peep into a classic!--

Dick D. Peep—why, you prig of a fellow, don't I pay you because I won't peep?—I ask of this again, and I'm off in our contract.

Dr. Pan. Are you? I'm dumb.----“ *Mammon leads me on.*” Milton.---Hem ! Follow.

[Exeunt.]

Enter STEDFAST.

Stedfast. A noble house, faith ! and bespeaks some of that stately dignity in the owner ; which my friend Harry hinted to me.—His lordship, I warrant, is as stiff as buckram—with a pompous display of language that puzzles a plain man to keep with him.

John. Sir, his Lordship said he'd be with you in the twinkling of a bed-post. [Exit John.]

Stedfast. Zounds ! that's the oddest phrase for a fine spoken peer, I ever met with.—The ignorance of the servant, I suppose. These blockheads never know how to deliver a message. Oh here he comes.

Enter LORD DUBERLY.

—Your lordship's most obedient.

Lord

Lord D. (*Bows vulgarly*) Sir, you are kindly welcome.

Stedfast. Kindly welcome! condescending at least; but not quite so dignified as I expected.— (*aside*) I am a rough traveller, my lord, ungifted with your flow of diction, and having real business, I trust that without further preface, it may plead my apology.

Lord D. Aye, aye, business is business; and words, you know butter no parsnips—

Stedfast. Butter no parsnips!—why he's sneering at my plainness;—or I have mistaken the person; I have the honor, I think, of addressing Lord Dumberly?

Lord D. To be sure you have, as sure as eggs is eggs. Come, muster—mayhap you may chuse a morsel of faimmat?

Stedfast. Not any thing, I—

Lord D. Don't say so. A drop of wine, now; or a sneaker of punch—or—

Stedfast. Nothing, my lord.—I am thunder-struck!

Lord D. Well, now then for the piece of business?

Stedfast. I have had some fears, my lord, that I might be too abrupt in the disclosure; but, since this introduction.—

Lord D. Oh, rot it! I was never for no long rigmarole, nor I! an honest man's meaning, needs no flourishes. Honesty's like a good piece of roast beef. Muster Stedfast, it lacks little garnish, and the more plainer, the more palatable.—That's my sentiment.

Stedfast. I admire your sentiment, my lord;—but I can't say much for your language. (*aside*)—I must inform your lordship, that no great length of time has elapsed since I—don't be agitated—left Quebec, in America.

Lord D. A Yankee doodle, may-hap?

Stedfast. (*grises*) A Yankee doo!—I am no American, my lord.

Lord

Lord D. No offence to you,—but seeing you have got a tawneyish tinge, (*rises*) I thought you might be a little out-landish.

Stedfast. I shall ever be proud in being able to say that I am an Englishman; but should suppose recently arrived from the country I have named, must interest your feelings.

Lord D. Interest—why what's he at? if I seem not to understand, now, I shall make some pleaguy hole in my manners, I warrant. (*aside.*)

Stedfast. I perceive by your silence, that your lordship, is affected. A person in your situation cannot naturally be otherwise.

Lord D. Then it's the fashion, for a peer to be in a pucker, when any body comes from Quebec, in America. (*aside*)

Stedfast. Pray inform me, my lord, have you received any letter from your son, since he wrote to advise you, he had finished the business which induced you to send him from home, and, that, he was immediately preparing to meet you in London?

Lord D. Since that? no, to be sure.—Why, lord love you, he set out directly after it, on purpose to come.

Stedfast. And your lordship has heard no news from any of his fellow passengers?

Lord D. Fellow passengers!—no, not I—neither inside nor out.

Stedfast. Inside nor out! It's plain, however, that we are all supposed to have gone to the bottom. (*Aside.*) Know then, my Lord, I was his fellow-passenger.

Lord D. Was you? You are just come up then, it seems.

Stedfast. Come up! This is an easy way of talking to a man supposed to be drowned. (*Aside.*) I I am here, you see, my Lord; but providence be praised, it was never my fate to go down.

Lord D. Well, well, that's no matter of mine. Your fate may have lain another way, to be sure, as you say.

Stedfast

Stedfast. Another way !—Zounds ! he can't dare to insinuate, that I was born to be hanged ! (*Aside.*) He appears the most ignorant, unfeeling—Hear me, my Lord. Has your son ever been dear to you ?

Lord D. Plaguy dear, indeed, muster Stedfast ; only ax Doctor Pangloss.

Stedfast. An intimate, I suppose, to whom your Lordship has unburthened your mind, in private ?

Lord D. Yes, he mends my cakelology every morning, and is moreover a great philosopher.

Stedfast. On such an occasion, a father might well call in philosophy to his assistance.

Lord D. I hired him a purpose.

Stedfast. Hired him !—Hired a philosopher to console him for the death of his son !—Delicacy, is superfluous here, I see.—In short, my Lord, I come to inform you, your son, lost as he has been to the world, has newly and unexpectedly entered into life.

Lord D. Well ; and what then ?

Stedfast. What then ! The brutal apathy in this post of a Peer, makes me ready to beat him. (*Aside.*) Why then, he has this day arrived in town ; here, in this metropolis.

Lord D. Why, what signifies a cock and a bull story, about what I know already.

Stedfast. Know it !—It must be by inspiration, then. By what supernatural sign have you discovered his arrival ?

Lord D. What sign ?—Why a Blue-boar.

Stedfast. My Lord, my Lord,——ignorance——little, indeed, from the account I received from a blindly affectionate youth, did I expect to find it here. Ignorance may palliate meanness and buffoonery, and merely meet contempt, but want of feeling excites indignation. You have shocked me, and I leave you. From exalted rank like yours, my Lord, men look for exalted virtue ; and when these are coupled, they command respect, and grace each other :—but the coronet, which gives and receives splendour, when

when fixed on the brow of merit, glitters on the worthless head, like a mark of disgrace, to render vice, folly, and inhumanity conspicuous.

[Exit.

Lord D. That there chap's mad!—he has put me all of a twitter. If my Lady had happened to be here, I'm sure she would have pispired with fear.——John!

Enter JOHN.

John. My Lord.

Lord D. Has the porter let out that there man?

John. Yes, my Lord.

Lord D. Never let him clap his damned ugly mug in these here doors again. He is as mad as any poor soul under a statue of lunacy. Shut the door, d'ye hear.——Od rabbit it! if Peers are to be frightened in this here fashion, I'd rather serve soap and candles again in comfort at Gosport. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.---Enter DICK DOWLAS and ZEKIEL HOMESBUN.

Dick D. Well, but at this unseasonable time

Zekiel H. I couldn't help it, Dick.

Dick D. Isn't the fashion to pay a visit at this time of the evening—who let you in?

Zekiel H. Why a fat man in the hall, that pop't out of a leather chair, that comes all over his head like a tub.

Dick D. The porter, I suppose.

Zekiel H. Belike it was. He has tassels a' top of his shoulders, and a sight of binding, that looks like barley and butter, about his waistcoat.

Dick D. But why did you come now?

Zekiel H. Why I do tell you, I was uneasy about it, Dick, I couldn't ha' staid away, if I was to be banged fort.——You did promise to meet us, this afternoon.

Dick

Dick D. I have been prevented ; we young fellows of fashion can't answer for our hours.

Zekiel H. Ah, Dick, London fashions and friendship, I do fear, go seldom cheek by jowl. I ha' just left Cecily at the place.

Dick D. Well, and what of her, Zekiel?

Zekiel H. Poor soul ! she ha' been sobbing, ready to burst her heart.

Dick D. Cecily in tears !—for what ?

Zekiel H. All along o' you, man. You did promise to come, and she do tell me, she ne'er knowd you to break your word till you were made a gentleman. I said all I could to comfort her.

Dick D. And what did you say, Zekiel?

Zekiel H. Why I told her, that you had always dealt fair and open with her, 'till now—and if you could be honest to her when you were a lawyer, there might be some hope of your being so now, even though you be an honourable.

Dick D. Well, well ; I shall see her to-morrow, and see you too, Zekiel ; and settle some plan for her ; and—

Zekiel H. Plan ?—why the plan be settled already—and, you do know, she be in place, and—

Dick D. Pshaw !—in place will never do ; I have a liking for her, you know ; and when—

Zekiel H. A liking !

Dick D. Yes ; that's a love, you know ; and a regard for you, Zekiel—and, in short, a girl on whom Lord Duberly's son has fixed his affections, must not remain in service ; it would disgrace one of us.

Zekiel H. It can't disgrace one of us, Dick.—A good girl who have lost her parents support, and do get her bread in honest industry, be a pride instead of a disgrace, to any one that loves her, you do know.

Dick D. I didn't mean that ; I—

Zekiel H. Noa—noa—bless you, 'twere only your good heart run away wi' you. You do wish us well, Dick—you do wish to serve us ; and overshot yourself a little, in what you said, that be all.

Dick

Dick D. Why, look ye, Zekiel; you are a well-meaning lad——

Zekiel H. Aye, and so be you, Dick; I ware getting a bit tiffin wi' you at the Blue-board. I did think sudden pride ware going to turn you topsy-turvey—I was angry at myself, afterwards.—But I do beg your pardon—heartily, my good friend—faith heartily.

Dick D. Nay; hear me: 'tis fit we should understand one another—which we don't seem to do—at present.

Zekiel H. Don't us! Ecod I should be grieved at that, Dick.

Dick D. Listen to me. My situation, you see, is much altered.

Zekiel H. Woundedly indeed!—Here be a house—and what a brave coat you ha' gotten on, Dick.

Dick D. No matter; but there are situations in the world, Zekiel, that do not always tally: chance may remove one man so far from another, in the rank of life; that, tho' their good-will may continue, the same custom requires, that they should not live exactly—mind, I say, not *exactly*, on the same footing.

Zekiel H. I see what you be driving at, Dick; I see it; I did fear it, all along. Well, well, I—I do know that I be'nt fit company for a Lord's son;—but when a Lord was once a Chandler, I thought indeed—no matter—bless thee, Dick.—I shall always wish thee well!

Dick D. Nay, nay; I dont mean that we should separate; on the contrary, I wish we may be closer in friendship than ever.

Zekiel H. Ah, Dick! I ha' loved thee!—I'd ha' parted wi' my last farthing to——no matter.

Dick D. There is no occasion to take it in this manner; we may be both rich, both happy, Zekiel: But, you know, how impossible it is for the son of a Peer to marry your sister.

Zekiel H. Ay, aye, I do see it—it be all over.

Dick D. No reason for that on earth; for though the world places a distance between Cis and me, as to

matrimony; yet it makes an allowance for every thing else.

Zekiel H. I don't understand ye, Dick.

Dick D. My rank not permitting the usual forms between us, which my regard for her happiness makes me wish, could take place; all I can now do is to raise her from future fear of poverty; and we may be man and wife in every thing but the ceremony.

Zekiel H. Oh, now I do understand ye.—You be a rascal!—Odds flesh! I shall choak!—a damned rascal—keep out o' my way or I may do ye a mischief.

Dick D. Nay, but—

Zekiel H. Dick, Dick!---Had a stranger done this, I'd ha' knocked him down: but a dear friend, to turn traitor—(*bursts into tears.*)—Damme, it's too much, —I can't stand it!

Dick D. Well; but only hear me—

Zekiel H. I ha' heard too much, already.—
(*To Dick.*) Rot it! I be ashamed to be such a blubberer!—But the greatest shame do light upon you.

Dick D. I begin to feel that it does, Zekiel.

Zekiel H. And well you may. If it be the part of a Lord's son to stab his friend to the heart, by robbing his sister of her honesty, much good may do ye, wi' your grandeur.—But let me tell your grandeur this, Mr. Dowlas; you do know some'at (little enow to be sure) of the laa; and the laa of the land do make no difference between a Peer and a Ploughman---if you do dare to hurt Cecily, the laa shall lay you flat, in the first place, and my ploughman's fist, in the second! ---and so my sarvice to you. [Exit.

Dick D. My heart upbraids me. I have wounded, at one blow, an honest man, and an innocent girl, whom reason and inclination tell me to love. Now, am I so mere a beginner, that whether this is, or is not fashionable, curse me, if I know; but I have been told it is. I must go deeper into its mysteries, or abstain from it altogether; and, I feel so much pain already, that in this same career of fashion, where feeling they say is banished, I shall make a very awkward figure. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Lady CAROLINE DORMER'S House.**Cecily discovered seated, crying, and leaning on Zekiel.*

ZEKIEL.

DO you, do ye cheer up a bit, sister Cecily! don't ye take on so—don't ye, now!

Cecily H. O, Zekiel! for certain my poor heart will break.

Zekiel H. Don't ye, say so, Cecily; for that wou'd go nigh to break mine.

Cecily H. I never will give ear to a lawyers vows as long us I do breathe.

Zekiel H. Aye, that be what all the girls say over and over.

Cecily H. A base perjury man!

Zekiel H. That he be!—he ha' stung me to the quick.—A Viper!—and offer to abuse you.—damn him!

Cecily H. Oh, don't you say that of him, Zekiel, I can't bear that, tho' he has been so cruel to me.

Zekiel H. Then pluck up a bit of spirit, now.—Pray ye do. You ha' gotten a good place you do know, and things will go well enow, I warrant us. How dos't like madam, eh, Cecily?

Cecily H. Purely! she is so tender and kind to me, Zekiel.—Heigho!

Zekiel H. Come, dry your tears, now, Cecily. I would be main glad to find madam be so kind to you. What did ye do, a'ter I left you last?

Cecily H. Why I was put poorly, Zekiel.—I had been crying you know.

Zekiel H. Yes, yes, but don't ye cry any more, Cecily.

Cecily H. And when, madam Caroline saw it, she was so kind, and so comfortable to me!

Zekiel H. Was she?—good soul!

Cecily H. And she bid me go to rest—and spoke

as sweet, and took as much care of me, as poor mother used to do.

Zekiel H. Bless her for it, if I be ever able to make a return, I'll—

Cecily H. Dear, I hear her in next room! she is up! and if she should catch us here.—There now.

Caroline. Cicely, child! I thought you had'n't risen.—I didn't wish you to attend if you were unwell, my poor girl!

Cecily H. Thank you, madam.

Zekiel H. Thank you very kindly, madam.

Caroline Oh, your brother, I see.

Zekiel H. At your humble service, madam. I made bold to call to see how sister were, and to make my humble duty to you, madam. Cecily do tell me you ha' been main kind to her.—We be poor, madam, but I do hope you will be pleased to take our thanks, without offence.

Caroline Offence! honest friend!—to merit and receive the thanks of the poor, is one of the heart's best gratifications.

Zekiel H. She be main good natured, indeed! I—I had a little bit of a favour to ask, madam.

Caroline What is it, friend?

Zekiel H. Why here be a scrap of paper here---it were poor father's---if you would be pleased to tell me if it be worth any thing, now it be so old.---
(*gives a Lottery Ticket.*)

Caroline It is worth enquiring after.---'Tis an old Lottery Ticket. (*returning it.*)

Zekiel H. Psha! then it be of little good.---Father had no luck that way—but, for all mother could say, he was always a dabbling, and a dabbling. I'll see about it, at shop, tho'—I do wish you a dutiful good morning, madam.

Caroline A good day, friend.

Zekiel H. (*apart to Cecily.*) Pluck a spirit, do ye now, Cecily. Gi' me a buss.---there, now, let that comfort ye, a bit.---I'll call an bye.---A good day to you, madam. (*Exit Zekiel.*)

Caroline. You do not look recover'd yet, Cecily.

Cecily H. I shall be better in time, if you please, madam.

Caroline. Come, child---you mu'st give way to low spirits. Your situation is new to you, indeed but this fickle world is full of changes, Cecily.

Cecily H. (crying) Oh, dear me! sure enough this world is full of fickleness and change!

Caroline. Well, but do not cry thus, child!

Cecily H. I must cry, if you please, madam, I can't help it, indeed, I can't.

Caroline. Poor girl! does any thing press heavy on your mind, Cecily?

Cecily H. Yes, yes, madam.

Caroline. What is it? is it in my ability to relieve you?

Cecily H. Oh, no, madam---It's quite out of your power to give me what I have lost.

Caroline. Lost child! have you lost any thing since you came to London?

Cecily H. Yes, madam.

Caroline. Any thing you brought up in the coach with you?

Cecily H. Yes, madam.

Caroline. Your cloaths? or a parcel? or—

Cecily H. No, madam.

Caroline. What then, child?

Cecily H. A young man, madam.

Caroline. Lost a young man, Cecily!

Cecily H. He was once the truest hearted youth! Lawyer Lattitot's clerk; of our town, if you please, madam---we were to be married---Brother was agreeable to it; and now he has basely left me, and all because he grown rich and great.

Caroline. What since last night! That is somewhat sudden, indeed!

Cecily H. Aye, I should as soon look'd to have been, as to think my Dick would be made a lord's son.

Caroline. Made a lord's son! how, Cecily?

Cecily H. I don't know how they make lord's son's madam---but his father has had a good fortune, by a death, and so Dick is now son to Lord Duberly.

Caroline. Lord Duberly, good heavens! how that

that name agitates me! the present Lord Duberly, you mean, Cicily.

Cicily H. Yes, if you please, madam, the last lord—Zekiel heard all from the porter—the last lord's son was drowned at sea, they say—perhaps you may have heard on't, madam?

Caroline. I have—I have indeed, Cecily?—
(*agitated*)

Cecily H. Oh dear! an't you well, madam?

Caroline. Yes, I—I—'tis nothing, Cecily.—and so your lover, poor wench, has deserted you?

Cecily H. Oh, worse than that, madam, brother is almost out of his wits about it,---for he said a base cruel man!---He would make my fortune by ruining me.

Caroline. Poor simplicity! dry your tears, my good girl! and rather rejoice that you have escaped the snares of a profligate, you shall not want protection while I can give it you.

Cecily H. Heaven bless you! you are very kind, madam.

Enter KENRICK hastily.

Kenrick. Och, murther, murther, your very kind, madam, Miss Caroline.

Caroline. Well, Kenrick?

Kenrick. Och, why did'nt I die before I was born, to see this ill looking day!

Caroline. Why, what's the matter?

Kenrick. The matter! and havn't I trotted into Lombard-street, to get your draught turned into money?

Caroline. To be sure—for there lies the little which I now possess, Kenrick.

Kenrick. Aye, by my soul, there it lies, like my ould uncle, Dennis Kenrick, in Carrickfargus Church-yard: for we shall never see it again, as long as we live.

Caroline. Good heavens! you alarm me!—surely the house has'nt fail'd?

Kenrick. No, faith, the house stands an upright, just where it did, but the old thief of a banker, has'nt a thirteen left to bless himself with.

Caroline. Broke!

Kenrick. Aye, by my soul, broke horse and foot—
and so bad, they say, that all the devils in hell can't
mend him.

Caroline. Then, indeed, I am completely ruined!
[Sinks in a chair.]

Cecily H. (Running to her.) No, don't you say
so, Madam!

Kenrick. Don't grieve! my sweet Miss Caroline,
don't grieve! Och, the devil! my ould heart's as
full as a basket of eggs. Pray now, keep up your
spirits, for you have lost every farthing you have in
the world.

Cecily H. Oh, the Gracious! Is that it? Pray,
if you please, Madam, don't take on so, then. For
I have money.

Kenrick. What *have* you money?

Cecily H. Aye, that I have: and while I have ten
good pounds, that poor mother left me, in my box,
and a silver watch, it shall never be said that I kept
it from one in distress, who has been so kind to me.

Kenrick. *Musha gra gal ma chree* was you! what
a pity it is now, that a generous heart hasn't always
a heavy purse to keep it company.

Caroline. My poor girl! your grateful attach-
ment touches me—I must retire and think of—do
not follow me, Cecily—I'll consult on measures to
—oh, providence! for what miseries am I or-
dained! *[Exit.]*

Cecily H. Dear, I hope I hav'nt given madam
offence, by what I said?

Kenrick. No, my sweet one! your'e a little angel
in a mob cap.—What will I do now? there's my
Watch and my Buckles, and my—by my soul
now, I'd pawn myself if the pawn-broker would
lend me any thing upon me—come with me and
consult, little one.—Faith, I hav'nt a brother, or a
nephew, or a cousin garman, or a father, or any
(kiss or kin little bit of a kinsman) left to assist in all
this botheration.—Come, little one? och! what an
ould long winded beast am I, now, to have out-
lived all my loving relations.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in an Inn.**Enter STEDFAST and MORELAND.*

Stedfast. Be more yourself, Henry. Firmness in the moment of disappointment——

More. Disappointment!——'tis torture---it racks me——Caroline fled, none knows whither——unprotected! Perhaps exposed to want too! to biting penury! The account, though confused, which I gattered last night from the unfeeling wretch in possession of the late Mr. Dormer's house---why not have gone to my father's?--Caroline might there have relied on an asylum.

Stedfast. Umph! perhaps not.

More. Oh, Stedfast! how little you know of my worthy father's heart.

Stedfast. Yes, I've had a specimen.

More. Why did you prevent me from going to him last night?

Stedfast. After the ill news you had just received, at the late Mr. Dormer's, your mind was too much agitated for such an encounter.

More. Well, well; you see I followed your commands. You rule me like a child, Stedfast; I went to bed, but not to rest---why shouldn't you then, explain every thing?

Stedfast. You were unfit to hear any thing. You were almost distracted. 'Twas sufficient that I sent word to Lord Duberly, that you would pay your duty to him, to-day, after breakfast.

More. Well, you saw my father?

Stedfast. I did.

More. And he received you with that complacency so friendly a messenger deserved.

Stedfast. Why to say the truth, I found none of that stately dignity about him, which you led me to expect.

More. To you, of course, when you explained the purport of your visit, he would throw that aside. The tenderness of the father softened the austerity of habit, and his language came warm from the heart.

Stedfast. Upon my soul, 'twould puzzle me to tell where it came from: but to do him justice (notwithstanding his harangues in the House of Peers, which you talk'd of) his language was as little Parliamentary as any language I ever heard in my life.

More. Oh, yours was no meeting of formality.—Business like yours called for no pomp of words on either side.

Stedfast. Words!—no—so his Lordship seemed to think, when he told me they buttered no parsnips.

More. My father! You jest, sure?

Stedfast. Indeed, I do not—and I'm afraid my dear young friend, your ardent feelings have painted the parental affection of Lord Duberly, in warmer colours than it merits.

More. Good Heaven! what do you mean?

Stedfast. To be plain, he received the account of his lost son's arrival with more than coldness.

More. Oh, you mistook my dear father's manner.

Stedfast. Nothing could be less equivocal—He treated me with——but that doesn't signify.——When I introduced myself by informing him, that I came from Quebec——

More. Aye; that must have excited his attention. He made a thousand enquiries?

Stedfast. No, faith. Only one.

More. What was that?

Stedfast. Pshaw!—trivial—merely ribaldry.——Damn it, I'm ashamed for his sake, and yours, to mention it.

More. Nay, nay; I entreat you tell me.

Stedfast. Why he asked if—pslaw!—if I was a yankee doodle, if you must have it.

More. You astonish me!

Stedfast. Not more than I was astonished. In short, instead of finding the fond, anxious, agitated, father, I met a man reckless of his child's fate, and treating the man who brought him the news of a son's preservation with levity and insult.

More. Impossible! 'Tis not his nature.

Stedfast. Nay, even with buffoonery.

More. Take care, Stedfast—you may have misconceived; but I must not have my father's character made an ill-timed sport.

Stedfast. Nay, 'tis sportive enough in itself, for that matter

More. Sportive!

Stedfast. Yes, beyond comprehension. He deals in witchcraft, it seems;—for he was even jocular enough to tell me that he had a familiar in the shape of a Blue-boar, who had given him intelligence of your arrival. I confess, I was shocked.

More. As I am Stedfast, shocked at your attempt in a moment like this, to trifle with the feelings of a friend, and endeavour to sully a venerable character, too well established to be tainted by the breath of misrepresentation.

Stedfast. Why, Zounds! I tell you that Lord Duberly——

More. Lord Duberly, Sir, is as incapable of the conduct and language you have described, as I am incapable of hearing it without resentment.

Stedfast. Resentment! you are warm, Mr. Moreland.

More. I have reason, Sir. Look at the man—Look at Lord Duberly—his very countenance contradicts the assertion.

Stedfast. Why, I don't know. I believe, since you said it, that gentleman was once written legibly on his brow—but damme, if time hasn't scratched out the writing, as thoroughly as ever writing was scratched out in the world.

More. This conduct of yours shall not go unpunished, Mr. Stedfast.

Stedfast. Unpunished, young man?

More. No, by Heaven! Such a gross aspersion of my good and worthy father, shall be answered with the life of that man——

Stedfast. Who lately saved your's, Henry.

More. Mr. Stedfast, I—I——

Stedfast. Young man, 'tis well for us, that winter's enough have passed over my head, to make my blood flow in a temperate current.—Did it run riot

like yours, we might now be cutting one another's throats.—Would it please you, think you, to have done me that office?

More. Please me! It makes me shudder!

Stedfast. Yet this, now, is what the world calls satisfaction. I trust, I am as little daunted with big words, and a stern look, as most men. But the truest courage, Henry, is founded on reason:—and were the head oftner permitted to check the passions of the heart, there would be less fatal encounters, on foolish causes, and the peace of many a parent, wife and child might remain unbroken.

More. Oh, Stedfast! The man that reasons thus would surely never mean to sport with my anxieties.—There must be some mistake; pray pardon me, and accompany me to my father's. Assist me in unravelling this mystery which confounds me. Can you forgive my heat?

Stedfast. From the very bottom of my heart, Henry:—for, however rash in itself, the impulse was filial piety; and that with me will amply excuse it.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter DICK DOWLAS with DOCTOR PANGLOS.

Dick D. It don't signify, Doctor; I can't rest 'till I have seen Cecily.

Dr. Pan. What's a tutor's power over a pupil in love?—Annihilated.—True tho' trite, that, "*Omnia vincio amor.*" Ovid.—Hem!—Is she pretty?

Dick D. What's that to you?

Dr. Pan. Nothing. I'm dead to the fascinations of beauty since that unguarded day of dalliance, when being full of Bacchus.—"*Bacchi plenus.*"—Horace.—Hem!—my pocket was picked of a metal watch, at the Sceptre, in Shoe-lane.

Dick D. This is the house. I've told you my story—and as you value my three hundred a year, Doctor, be ready to assist me, either by message, letter, or—but, what a damned gig you look like?

Dr. Pan. A gig? Umph! that's an Eton phrase--the Westminster call it Quiz.

Dick D. And you are the greatest, sure, that ever was dispatched on love's embassies, from the court of cupid.

Dr. Pan. I'm not proud of the post. Take my council, and drop the pursuit. "*Refrain, desist, define.*" Terence.---Hem!

Dick D. Why, look'ye, doctor,---I've done an injury to two worthy souls; and I can't rest till I've made reparation. We are all of us wrong, at times, doctor, but a man doubles his ill-conduct, when he is too proud to make an apology for it.

Dr. Pan. Yet, confessing our faults, Mr. Dowlafs---

Dick D. Is only saying in other words, doctor, that we were wiser to-day, than we were yesterday.

Dr. Pan. Plenty of precedents, however, for your conduct---"*At lovers perjuries they say---*"

Dick D. Well, what do they say?

Dr. Pan. "*They say Jove laughs.*" Shakespeare ---Hem! Phaon left Sappho; Theseus, Ariadne, Demophon, Phyllis, Oneas, Dido.---

Dick D. Oh, damn Dido.

Dr. Pan. Damn Dido?---Well, damn Dido?---with all my heart. She was daughter to king Belus of Tyre; but as very a virago---

Dick D. Well, we need not go so far for examples---now, knock at that door? (*pointing to M. D.*)

Dr. Pan. Double?

Dick D. Zounds! no; you'll spoil all---a sneaking single tap, like a dun, Doctor.

Dr. Pan. Like a dun? I know the knock well, Mr. Dowlafs.

Dick D. And when 'tis given, get out of the way for a while.

Dr. Pan. My constant custom on such an occasion. ---(*Knocks, M. D.*) There's the thorough thump of a Creditor.---"*I never heard it, but I ran away upon instinct.*" Shakespeare.---Hem! [Exit.

Enter CECILY, DICK is forward with his back towards her.

Cecily H. Dear, sure somebody knock'd---I see nobody but that gentleman, neither.---It could not be he, for if footman thump so loud, for certain, your gentlefolks must beat the door down.---Was it you that knock'd, pray, Sir? (*Dick turns round, Cecily screams.*) Don't come near me?

Dick D. My dear Cecily!

Cecily H. Oh, Dick! Dick! (*cries, and falls in his arms.*)

Dick D. I cannot bear this, your tears go to my very soul, Cecily.

Cecily H. 'Tis you have been the cause of them, you have almost cut my poor heart in two.

Dick D. My own suffers for it sufficiently, believe me.

Cecily H. How could you be so barbarous to me? but, indeed, indeed, I forgive you---Your cruelty will cost me many a tear, but this is the last time I shall ever upbraid you.

Dick D. Oh! I deserve all your reproaches.

Cecily H. If I had come to fortune, and you had been poor, Dick, I would have flown to you, and cheered you in your poverty---I would have poured my gold at your feet; I would have shared all my joys with you, and told you, that riches could never change my heart.

Dick D. And I come now, to share all mine with you, Cecily.

Cecily H. Oh, no, Dick! my lot is very humble, but I scorn the gold that would buy my honesty. We must never, never, meet any more: but indeed, indeed, I do truly wish you may be prosperous, though you sought my ruin. Bless you, Dick: and if ever poor Cecily comes into your mind, think that she pray to Heaven to forgive you, for trying to harm her innocence, whose greatest blessing would have been, to make you happy. (*Going.*)

Dick D. Stay, stay, and hear me; I entreat you. I come to sue your pardon---I come in repentance, Cecily.

Cecily H. And do you repent?

Dick D. I do; most earnestly.

Cecily H. That is some comfort to me. For your own heart will be easier, and I shall bear my hard lot better, now. For I know your great friends will never let you stoop to one in my station. Ah! times are much changed with us, Dick!

Dick D. However changed, they shall not now alter my purpose, Cecily, I have been dazzled, and I have wounded you, I have covered myself too, with shame and confusion; but if they can make atonement, my fortune, my heart, and my hand, are all at your service.

Cecily H. Your hand! I,---I, shall be able to speak more soon---oh! Dick!

Dick D. My dear, dear Cecily, I rose strangely to rank; and I shall, now, perhaps, in the eyes of the great world, strangely support it; for, I am afraid Cis, that half your young fellows of fashion, would rather seem wicked than ridiculous; but I shall never, for the future, think that marrying a worthy woman, whom chance has placed beneath us in life, can be any disgrace, while seducing her is reckoned among profligate fops, a matter of triumph. ---Dry, dry your tears, Cecily.

Cecily H. These are not like the tears I shed a while ago---they are tears of joy, Dick!---Hark! I am called.

Dick D. One moment,---tell me you forgive me?

Cecily H. Forgive you! Oh, Dick---you have made me happy! how this will comfort my poor Zekiel!

Dick D. I shall be ashamed to meet him again, Cecily.

Cecily H. Oh, I will tell him all---and---hark! I'm called again.

Dick D. Adieu! I will see you very, very soon. Farewell!

Cecily H. Good bye---and---

Dick D. Come kiss---and---good bye. (*Exit Cis.*)
---That one kiss of lovely virtue is worth a million of rimes more, than all the blandishments that wealth and

luxury can purchase.—Where the devil, now, is this doctor? I am brimfull of joy, and I have nobody to communicate my—

Enter DOCTOR PANGLOSS.

oh! you are returned---embrace me, doctor. Open wide your arms, in friendly congratulation and embrace, you prig of a tutor, the happiest fellow in christendom.

Dr. Pan. Bless me!--why we're in the middle of the street!--Decorum, Mr. Dowlas.

Dick D. Damn decorum; I'm out of my senses.

Dr. Pan. Heaven forbid! for it would be as clear a nine hundred a year out of my pocket, as ever man lost in his life.--What's the news?

Dick D. The news? why I am going to be married.

Dr. Pan. Married! mercy on me! Then he's mad, indeed---"*Tribus anticyris caput insanabile.*"---Horace.---Hem!---Consider the---

Dick D. Psha---I've no time to---come---come with me to my father's---I'll explain to him---and---

Dr. Pan. Only reflect---

Dick D. Reflect! look'ye here, you grave mustard-pot of a philosopher,---you shall dance a jig down the street with me, to shew your sympathy in my happiness.

Dr. Pan. A Doctor of Laws dance a jig in the open street!

Dick D. Foot it---"Over the hills and far away."

Dr. Pan. I wish you were far away, with all my heart.

Dick D. Dance---dance---or damn me I cut off your three hundred a year in a twinkling.

Dr. Pan. Will you?---oh, the---"*a flourish of trumpets.*" Shakespeare---Hem!---"*over the hills and far away.*"---[Exit hand and hand, singing and dancing.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

KENRICK.

TO be sure misfortune isn't a neat touchstone to try friendship upon. Faith, now, all my loving friends deserve a decent kicking; and, by my soul, I believe they expected it from my hands; for I no sonner said the word "lend"—but they all turned their backs to me. How my poor ould bones ache—and sure the biggest bone about me is in my heart, for that aches more than all the other half of my body. Och, my poor Miss Caroline! what will I do, now you're aground, to keep your pretty little chin above water! If we could have kept the brave Mr. Henry Moreland's chin above water, now! but he's gone---he's gone; and twenty humane societies couldn't bring him back.——I'll make bold just to rest me a bit at this door. Don't be frightened, good gentleman within, for I an't coming to borrow any money from you. [*Sits down at door.*] Faith, this step is like my dear friends hearts; for, by St. Patrick, it's as cold and as hard as a hailstone.

Stedfast. Nay, nay be patient, Henry.

More. My dear friend 'tis impossible. The blow is too great; so good so kind a father lost! and his death so strangely explained to me! indeed, indeed Stedfast, my spirit is almost broken.

Kenrick. can't see their faces, now, but sure these two must be a rich man that won't lend, and a borrower; for one is trotting about in great distress, and t'other as cool as a cucumber.

Stedfast. Come, come, Henry; the encounter was a strange one, 'tis true; and the shock sudden. When you entered a father's house, and prepared to leap into a father's arms, to meet that low wretch, who has caused all our mistakes, was indeed——

Mrs. Oh, it distracts me! so many things are floating in my disordered mind; I——

Stedfast. But 'tis necessary you shou'd be collected, now, absolutely necessary. You must do speedy justice to yourself, to the memory of your departed father. How came you not to discover yourself to that lump of ignorance, who has jump'd into your inheritance?

More. I was staggered; I heard enough from him to unravel all; and 'tis well perhaps, we withdrew so abruptly, I might have done something rash at the moment. Oh, *Stedfast*, I shall sink under it!

Stedfast. For shame, *Henry*! fye on this weakness! Sink under it! Decent sorrow for a near loss is amiable; and modest nature never looks more lovely, than when the filial tear steals gently on the tomb of a parent: but desperate grief outrages manhood and religion; for in the trials, which we all are born to undergo, *Henry*, the man and the christian forgets his duties to providence, and to himself, when he loses his resignation and his fortitude.

More. You are an able and kind counsellor, my friend! I will endeavour to be more firm.

Stedfast. Come, let us go back to our hotel: you may there compose yourself.

Kenrick. (*gets up*) So, having taken a rest, I'll go home with my bad news to console poor Miss *Caroline*. (*comes forward.*)

More. (*seeing Kenrick.*) I cannot be mistaken in that face—eh? *Kenrick*!

Kenrick. Eh? why sure it can't be! sure my ould eyes are so bad; that I see what's invisible!

More. It is he! Oh, *Kenrick*! my good old man, tell me where is my *Caroline*?

Kenrick. Och, faith it's himself, it's himself, it's himself!—safe, sound, and dry, without a wet rag about him!

More. But inform me, my honest *Kenrick* of—

Kenrick. Hubbaboo! hubbaboo! och, I'll go wild! I'll go mad! don't speak to me yet, my dear sweet Mr. *Henry*! och; good luck to the day when your honour walk'd ashore after you were drowned.

More. But tell me *Kenrick*, of—

Kenrick. Yes—I'll tell you, I'll tell you of—och,

upon my soul, you must wait abit: I believe I was drowned myself—for the salt-water runs out of my eyes by pail-fulls.

Stedfast. Poor fellow!—an old servant of Mr. Dormers, I suppose.

More. Well now speak, Kenrick—oh, tell me, is Caroline safe?

Kenrick. In troth, and she is!

More. Thank Heaven! And in London?

Kenrick. Yes, in this wide dirty town; and big as it is, their isn't a thirteen to be had, for love or money, to help her out of her distress.

More. Her distress! But I feared it. Let me fly to her; and—you are surely with her still, Kenrick?

Kenrick. With her! and is it yourself, Mr. Henry, that can ask Kenrick such a question? or would I leave my friends in their need, that supported me in their prosperity?—Och, the devil fly away with him that would, I say.

Stedfast. Honest fellow!

More. Pardon me, my good honest Kenrick.—I know not what I say. Conduct me to her, and you shall explain all by the way.

Kenrick. Conduct you! faith,ould as I am, I'll go hopping over all the kennels home with you, as nimble as a jack-daw.—Och, St. Patrick be praised.
[Exit.]

More. Come then, Stedfast.

Stedfast. Come, Henry. I'll see you to the door of Miss Dormer, and then leave you. And on this occasion, my dear friend, let me heartily congratulate you. Such an event as this, comes most opportunely; and it may prove to you, Henry, in this chequered life of joy and sorrow, that Providence has ever some balm in store to pour into the wounds that it inflicts; and that the worst of griefs may be assuaged by the pitying power who chastens us! [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter LORD and LADY DUBERLY.

Lord D. But listen, my lady, to reason.

Lady D. Then I must'nt listen to you, my Lord.

Lord D. Um—why I've been almost scared out of my seven senses, for certain.—The old man that was here last night, rushed in with another young one with him, this morning. I can't make head nor tail of what he wants for my part. But, as to Dick, he'll certainly break his heart, if he dos'nt marry this here wench.

Lady D. I wonder, my Lord, you can think of such a thing—A Peer's son to marry a maid-servant!

Lord D. Od rabbit it, my lady, now don't be obstrapulous. You know when his father married you, you was but a clear-starcher.

Lady D. That's quite another sort of an affair; and you might have more manners than to mention it now; but as to learning you elegance—ah! we may take the horse to the water, but there's no making him drink.

Lord D. Nay, I am sure I did'nt mean no disparagement to you—for you was counted, on all hands, the best getter-up of small linen, in our town. Here's the doctor, let's ax his advice in this here business.—

Enter DOCTOR PANGLOSS.

Pray now, doctor,—you must know we're in a bit of a quandary, doctor,—

Dr. Pan. Your lordship had better be in an uncertainty?

Lord D. Why, lord, lave you, so I am, mum. Pray did'nt you never hear of no great man that was married to a farmer's daughter?

Dr. Pan. Walter—a marquis of Lombardy—

Ld D. There, my lady! what do you think of that? damn it, if the Marquis smoused Grizzle, Dick may marry the maid servant.

Dr. Pan. My Pupil!—Zounds, my salary—
“*Tremor occupat artus.*” Virgil—Hem!—my income totters!—

Lord D. And in that there case, doctor, your three hundred a year, must go to the mending of my Cakelology.

Dr. Pan.

Dr. Pan. But I shall lose—no, thing :—*a Lapsus linguæ*.—One annuity gone with my pupil ! Then I've only “clear for life, *fix* hundred pounds a year” ---Swift ---Hem !—Madam ?

Lady D. (*Apart to Pangloss.*). You know, Doctor, my three hundred stops, the moment my son marries.

Dr. Pan. Does it ? Oh, Jupiter, if ever contradiction crept into the bosom of beauteous woman—“*Mulier formosa*” Horace.---Hem !---Stuff a double dose into that terrible old woman, and save the fortunes of Peter Pangloss. Here he comes.

Enter DICK DOWLAS.

Dick D. Well, father, has my mother made up her mind ?

Lord D. Why, I can't tell Dick.—My lady seems betwixt and betweenish, as a body may say. But it all depends upon her vardick.

Lady D. Well, she is but a farmer's daughter, they say, and what's a farmer, my dear ?

Dick D. Why, an English farmer, mother, is one who supports his family and serves his country, by his own industry in this land of commerce.—Mother, such a character will be always respectable.

Lord D. That's right, Dick—Father's own son to a hair. When I kept my shop at Gosport, I—

Lady D. Hush, my lord.—Well you---you were always my darling, you know, Dick ; and, I can't find in my heart to give you a denial.

Dr. Pan. Can't you ! I wish you could find it in your tongue.---Six hundred a year, blown away by the breath of that Sybil.

Dick D. That's my good mother, you've made me so happy, I, zounds, I shall run mad.

Dr. Pan. Zounds ! and so shall I.

Dick D. A thousand thanks, my dear mother, and my dear father, too ; I'll get as drunk as—wish me joy, Doctor—wish me joy a hundred times !

Cecily. H.

Dr. Pan. A hundred times!—I feel, Mr. Dowlafs, on this occasion, fix hundred times more than I know how to exprefs.

Dick D. And if you would but indulge me now, in leting me conduct you to Cecily——

Lord D. Odd rot it, my Lady, let's humour Dick for once. The young ones like to be cooing and building, you know.

Lady D. Why the coach, I believe, is at the door, my lord.

(Exit with Lord Duberly.)

Lord D. Is it? hobs then, my lady, let's bundle, Dick,—come Doctor—Now you mus'nt make me ride backwards, my lady,—for you know I han't been used to a coach, and I shall certainly be qualmish if you do.—Come my lady!—

Dick D. Come, Doctor, we lose time?

Dr. Pan. Time!—lose!—I've lost as pretty a pair of snug annuities as—let me fix—“*Take six from nine*.”—

Dick D. Why, Doctor?

Dr. Pan. “*And three remains.*” Cocker!—Hem!

Dick D. Come, come—it's late?

Dr. Pan. Only three?

Dick D. Only three! why it's only twelve, man; but come, if you don't attend to my father better, I can tell you he'll kick you and your three hundred a year to the devil.

Dr. Pan. Will he?—“*Oh, for a house with wings?*”—Shakspeare—Hem!—I fly, Mr. Dowlafs.

SCENE III.

Enter CECILY with CAROLINE.

Cecily H. Indeed, I truly hope you are better, madam.

Caroline. I have little reason to be so, Cecily.

Cecily H. Oh, I hope you have! and if the worst comes to the worst—but I'm almost ashamed to tell you, madam.

Caroline. Innocence, like yours, my good girl, can know nothing it should fear to reveal.

Cecily H. Why, I needn't be much afraid, neither—for it's what a power of folks, rich and poor, do come to at last.

Caroline. What's that, Cecily?

Cecily H. Wedlock, Madam.

Caroline. Indeed! this is unexpected, after what you told me this morning.

Cecily H. Aye, but you know, Madam, as to wedlock, and all that, many things fall out between the cup and the lip, as they say.

Caroline. (*sighing.*) 'Tis too true, indeed, Cecily.

Cecily H. And so my Dick came to our door, Madam; 'tis but a little while ago—and his dear eyes were as full of tears! and you know that was a pity, Madam—for his eyes are so fine and so blue, 'tis a shame any thing should spoil 'em.

Caroline. Well, Cecily?

Cecily. And so we soon brought matters to bear, Madam.

Caroline. How, Cecily?

Cecily. Why he looked so sorry that it made my heart bleed to see him—and when I love him so dearly it would be cruel not to marry him when he asked me. Don't you think so, Madam?

Caroline. May you be very, very happy!—'tis an ease to my mind, in the midst of my misfortunes, to know that you will be provided for. I was on the point of telling you, Cecily, that my reduced circumstances would not permit me to keep you with me any longer.

Cecily H. Oh, dear! and was you going to be so unkind to me, Madam?

Caroline. Unkind to you my good girl! oh, no! it would have touched me sensibly to have sent forth simplicity like yours, unprotected.—But hard necessity!—I rejoice my good Cecily, rejoice sincerely in your good fortunes.

Cecily H. Oh, madam! I should rejoice more at my good fortune, if you would but let me do what I've been thinking on.

Caroline. What is that, Cecily?

Cecily H. I hope you won't be angry at what I'm going to say, madam.

Caroline. Oh impossible! speak freely.

Cecily H. Why, you know, madam, Dick's a lord's son; and when I am his wife, I may do fast as I please, for rich folk's wives, I have heard say, do just what they please in London.—Now, if you would but be so good, when I'm married, as to let me serve you for nothing.

Caroline. No more, no more, Cecily;—I—

Cecily H. And when my husband gives me any money, if you would but be so kind as to borrow it of me, I should be very much obliged to you, indeed, Madam!

Caroline. Oh! you have overpowered me. [*falls on Cecily's neck*] Oh! Heaven!—how pure are all thy creatures endowed with reason, 'till worldly habits corrupt them!

[*Zekiel sings without—Tol, lol, de rol, lol!*]

Caroline. What is that?

Cecily H. 'Twas brother Zekiel's voice, sure.—He can't think to make such a noise here!

Enter ZEKIEL capering and singing.

Zekiel H. Tol de rol, lol, lol!—Tol, lol, de rol lol lol!

Cecily H. Mercy, Zekiel!—why you must be crazy, sure!

Zekiel H. Zooks! and so I be, sister!—Tol lol de lol!

Cecily H. Think where you are, brother! There's Madam.

Zekiel H. Rabbit it, Madam, I do most humbly crave pardon—but I be in such a flusteration!—I ha' got—I ha' got—Tol de rol lol!—ha' got Twenty Thousand Pounds

Cecily H. My gracious Twenty thousand pounds:

Zekiel H. Tol lol, de rol lol

Cecily H. But stand still, now, brother Zekiel—where did you get such a sight of money?

Zekiel H. P' the lottery, las!—i'the lottery.—let me take a bit of breath—I do crave pardon, madam.—Father's ticket—let me take a bit of—have come a prize of—a bit of breath—dear, dear,

madam, heaven send this luck do not set my simple brain a madding.

Caroline Compose yourself, honest friend.

Zekiel H. I do humbly thank you, madam.—I ha'—run all the way—from Lottery Office, and—

Cecily H. Well and what will you do with all this money, Zekiel?

Zekiel H. What will I do wi' it, Sister Cecily! Why what shou'd a man do wi' his riches? I will first provide for such as I do love, and then, lend a helping hand to them as be poor about me.

Cecily H. Dear brother, tha's just the thing — Come here, Zekiel—poor madam has fallen into great trouble.

Zekiel H. Has she?—How?

Cecily H. Why all her friends are dead it seems.

Zekiel H. Poor soul!

Cecily H. And her banker hole all the money she had, this very morning, and—

Zekiel H. Don't ye say any more, sister Cecily, hum —madam——I be main glad to hear you be tumbled into misfortune—madam.

Caroline. Glad, friend!

Zekiel H. Main glad, indeed! because you ha' been so kind to sifter—and I be able now to return you the favour.

Caroline. Oh, no more of that, Zekiel—you distress me.

Zekiel H. With submission, Madam, I want to take away your distress. Here, Madam—*[pulling out bank notes.]*—Here be a hundred—and there be a five hundred—and there be a——Rabbit it! my hand do shake too much to stand counting. I will spread 'em all upon a table here——Take what you do want, Madam, and welcome; and thank you too, Madam.

[spreading them on the table in a great flurry.]

Caroline. I cannot—I cannot think friend, of—

(Both.) Pray ye do, now, Madam—pray ye do!

Enter LORD and LADY DUBERLY.

Caroline. Bless me! who's this?

Lord D. Beg pardon, Madam, but the landlady bid us bundle up.

Caroline. Your commands with me, Sir?

Lord D. Why the whole preamble of this affair is, that my lady and I——speak to the gentlewoman my lady

Lady D. Ah, you have a head, and so has a pin. ---We made bold to pay our respects, madam, having a little business concerning a female of your family.

Lord D. Yes, and——

Caroline. To whom have I the honour of speaking, Sir?

Lord D. Why, you've the honour of speaking to Lord Duberly, Madam.

Zekiel H. What! (*gathers up the Notes hastily, and comes forward.*)

Caroline. To Lord Duberly!

Lord D. But Dick's coming up, with Doctor Pangloss hard at his heels, and they'll tell you the long and the short on't.

Zekiel H. What Dick Dowlas!——Then you be the old chandler they ha' made a lord on?

Lady D. Old chandler, indeed!

Zekiel H. Look ye, my lord Soap and Candles——

Lady D. Soap and candles!

Zekiel H. Your son had better keep clear o' me, I can tell him that.

Enter DOCTOR PANGLOS and DICK DOWLAS.

Dick D. Cecily, let me——

Zekiel H. Stand off, Mr. Dowlas! stand off!——to think to come here to——od rabbit it! my fingers do itch to be at you. Keep you behind me, sister Cecily.

Dick D. My dear Zekiel, —

Zekiel H. Don't you hear me? I put little trust in fair words with foul actions.

Cecily H. Dear now, you are so hasty, Zekiel!

Zekiel H. Hold your peace, Cecily. The best he that ever wore a head had better be hanged than venture to harm you.

Dick D. Cecily I find has not explained. I'm here Zekiel, to make reparation.

Zekiel H. You ha' stung me to the quick, you know you have.

Dick D. I share with you in all the pain, Zekiel, which I have so wantonly inflicted ; my heart smote me, even before you left me ; and every little reflection convinced me, that in the vanity of sudden fortune, I had offered you and the woman of my heart, a bitter injury. I am thoughtless, Zekiel, but not deliberately base ; and, if you can, once more take to your bosom a guilty, but repentant friend.

Zekiel. Oh, Dick, Dick *(runs and embraces him)* my old companion ! ah, Dick, that be a stony bosom that can shut out an old friend, that be truly grieved for his faults, and do sue for mercy.—'t be more than I can do.

Cecily. Dear, I'm so happy !

Zekiel H. You have made my heart many a pound the lighter, Dick.

Dick D. And my own, too, Zekiel ; and to prove my sincerity, my father and mother here, are come with an offer of my hand to Cecily.—Father—

Lord D. Why, my Lady here, is a little upon the grumpy order for his calling us chandlers. But for my part, I don't value that of a button. A man need'nt take no affront to be told he was born low, when he has got better in the world without no dishonesty.—There, children, be happy together.

Zekiel H. Why now, that's hearty, and as luck be apt to turn wi' us along—why I ha' gotten twenty thousand pounds, and I warrant Cecily shall ha' some 'at handsome, rofs'd in at the wedding.

Dr. Pan. Twenty thousand pounds !—[*goes forward to Zekiel.*] Sir, as you will now need a tutor, to usher you into life, three hundred per annum, are the trifling terms of your obedient servant, Peter Pangloss, L. L. D. and A double S.

Lord D. How !

Lady D. How !

Cecily H. Aye, all in the lottery—I'll tell you.

[*They retire up.*

Enter

Enter KENRICK.

Kenrick Stand out of the way ! He's coming, my dear Miss Caroline, he's coming.

Caroline. Who, Kenrick ?

Kenrick 'Tis himself ! 'tis himself—he's alive and leaping up stairs, like a salmon out of the water.

Caroline. Who do you mean ?

Kenrick My dear, young, lost master ; 'tis Mr. Henry himself, madam.—

Enter MORELAND.

Caroline My Henry ! Oh support me. (*faints.*)

More. My Caroline ! oh, let me clasp you to my heart, and shelter you there for ever.

Lord D. Why, zounds ! that's the young suckling madman as scared me out of my senses with the old one, this morning.

Kenrick O bless 'em both ! may they live to be happy to the end of the world, and a thousand years after it.

Caroline (*recovering*) This is too much ! oh, Henry ! do we once more meet ! and after—by what miracle have you escaped ?

Kenrick Be satisfied ma'm, for he's too much bother'd to talk. But you see he's here and that's enough—the true, long lost, Mr. Henry Moreland.

Lord D. Eh ? what ? Henry Moreland ! Why zounds ! the late Lord Duberly's lost heir !

More. Son and heir to that revered and respected man, be assured sir. You have done me the favor to be my *locum tenens* in my absence, and I am now return'd to relieve you from further trouble.

Lord D. Why, what the devil ! have I only been a kind of a peer's warming-pan after all—just pop'd into keep his place from getting cold, till he jump'd into it.

More. Nothing more believe me. I have witnesses sufficient, should it be necessary to identify my person in a minute.

Lord D. Od rabbit it, then old Daniel Dowlas is no longer a Lord.

Lady D. Nor Deborah Dowlas, a Lady.

Dick D. Nor Dick Dowlas an Honourable.

Dr. Pan. Nor Peter Pangloss a tutor.---“ Now, thank Heaven-----”

“ That I’m not worth a ducat,” Otway.

---Hem!

Zekiel H. Then it do seem at last, Dick, that I be the rich man. and you the poor, od rabbit it! I be glad on’t! for I can now please myself wi’ serving my friends.

More. Who is this, my Caroline?

Caroline. An honest creature, Henry.—Brother to this simple girl.—Their affection to me in my distress, has been most piercing.

More. Then it shall not go unrewarded, my Caroline.

Zekiel H. Wi’ humble submission, Sir, kindness to a fellow creature in distress do reward itself.—Thanks to the Lottery, we be rich, enow.—But as Dick Dowlas be to marry Cecily, if you wou’d just lend me a helping hand, for his father and mother here.---

More. Oh rest contented, honest friend, I shall not dispossess them without making a proper provision.

Dr. Pan. My Lord.---Hem!—(To Henry.)—If a boy should bless your nuptials, which is now shortly about to take place, he will certainly require a tutor.---Three hundred per annum are the terms of your Lordship’s obsequious servant, Peter Pangloss, L. L. D. and A. double S.

More. You are not one of those, Sir, it seems, who lose an appointment for want of an early application for it.

Dr. Pan. The human mind, my lord, naturally looks forward.---“ *animum paravit futura*,” Cicero ---Hem!

More. If I should need such a person, Sir, depend upon it, I should be very particular in my choice—for
I suspect

I suspect there are some amongst those to whom youth is entrusted who bring the character of a tutor into disrepute—and draw ridicule upon a respectable situation, in which many men of learning and probity are placed.

Dr. Pan. This will never do for me. Again must I retire to Milk-alley, and spin my brain for subsistence. "*Panglos's occupations gone!*"—Shakespeare—Hem!

More. In calmer moments my Caroline, I will explain the circumstances of my preservation, and when I have paid the mournful tribute due to a much lamented father, let me call you mine, and place you above the reach of future sorrow.

Caroline. Little sorrow can reach me, when you are safe, Henry.

Zekiel H. And we'll get into the country—Take a bit of a farm—and all be as merry as grigs, Dick.

Dick D. Agreed, Zekiel, come Cecily, I have seen enough already of splendour, to seek for happiness in quieter scenes, and I have learn't, Zekie', that, in spite of all the allurements which riches or titles may boast—the most solid and valuable possession, is, a true friend.—

I have not time to write to you now, but I will write to you as soon as I can. I am well and hope you are the same. I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present. I am well and hope you are the same. I have not much news to write at present.

I have not much news to write at present. I am well and hope you are the same. I have not much news to write at present.

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EPILOGUE,

TO BE

Spoken by the Characters.

Dick Doxolas. Custom enacts, and who denies her sway,
An Epilogue to every five act play.

Doctor Panglos. You speak it then—and do not mouth it,
come,

Yet be not too tame neither.—*Shakespear*—Hum!—

Lord Duberly. Rabbit it! Best let these logs alone.

Lady Duberly. What Epilogues—why they are all the ton.

Zekiel. What be these Epilogues your'e talking on.

Doctor Panglos. Epi and Logos—*Vide Lexicon.*

Kenrick. I'll tell you, honey, Epilogues, they say,

Are what are always spoke before the play,

By some good-look-ing gentleman well dress.

Cecily. Oh! then, I am sure my Dick will speak 'em best.

Henry Moreland. To win the town the Epilogues intends,
And the play over, please our best of friends.

Zekiel. Please our best friends, that's hearty sure and right.
I spy a power here we fain would please to night.—

Who'll try?—

Dick. I.—

Lady Duberly. I.—

Henry Moreland. I.—

Caroline. I.—

Zekiel. I.—

Kenrick. I.—

Doctor Panglos. And I.—

Kenrick. We're of one mind, had there been twenty, 'tis
carried.

Doctor Panglos. Nemine Dissentiente.

Dick. Thus to begin then:—

If here some thoughtless younker may be found,
In fashions giddy vortex whirling round,
May he to night from Dick's example see,
That honor's real prop—is honesty;—
May reformations pledge his cheek o'er cast,
The self-accusing blush for arrors past.

Cecily. If there's a lass in love here, aye, I've spied her,
Sitting quite close with that young man beside her,
Let her, like Cecily, to this maxim cling,
Love flights all gold—except the Wedding Ring.

Lord Duberly. Is there ne'er a chandler here—because—
Old Daniel Dowlas axes his applause.

[Lady Duberly taps him on the shoulder]

Why, zounds——

Lady Duberly. What—will you never stop,

Lord Duberly. I'm only axing custom for the shop.

Moreland. While filial duty animates each youth,
While virtuous passions warms the heart of truth,
With qualities like these to Britons dear,
Henry may surely hope for favour here.

Caroline. And may not Caroline applause secure,
Who to all these adds feeling for the poor.

Kenrick. Oh bother, there's so many virtues here,
There won't be any left for me, I fear;

Burn him who leaves, I can't say more or less,

A patron, friend, or female in distress.

Zekiel. Gee's your fist, that's hearty now and fair,
You be of Zekiel's kidney to a hair.

Doctor Pangloss. Does any body want a tutor here,

My terms are but—three hundred pounds a year;

On their own merits modest men are dumb——

Plaudite et Valere.——Terence——Hum!——

Then on my merits I shall lay no stress,

I'm L. L. D. and—and A. double S.

FINIS.